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Old Mr. Dawson's Heir

Written for The Western Home Monthly by George Lawrence.

It was a bitter disappointment for Mr. Carton Deedes when old James Dawson adopted the orphan son of his deceased friend Captain Ashton, with the avowed intention that the boy should take his name and inherit his property. Mr. Dawson, who had retired from the lumber business with a large fortune, was now within a year or two of seventy, a widower and childless. Consequently Mr. Deedes, the old gentleman's cousin, as well as his attorney and confidential adviser, had not unreasonably come to consider himself entitled by every right to succeed to Mr. Dawson's money. The expectation was fully shared by Mrs. Deedes, and on the strength of it the attorney and his wife had long cultivated their relative's good will with much assiduity and at considerable cost. However, Carton Deedes was a man of resolute temper who had a great amount of faith in his own luck and resources. He consequently took a philosophical view of the situation. "We must wait and keep our eyes open," he said to his wife. "Young Ashton is going to be a soldier; we can't tell what may happen. Besides, he may not agree with the old man, and if the two should quarrel, the boy will soon be kicked out of the house. Our plan must be to act kindly to Cousin James, and, above all things, not to show any change in our behaviour. As long as he's alive, there's hope for us."

Mr. and Mrs. Deedes carefully followed up the policy thus sketched out with the best results. When Mr. Dawson, a little later, made a new will to provide for the boy whom he had adopted, he showed his appreciation of the magnanimity of Mr. Deedes and his wife by giving them substantial legacies, though not by any means sufficient to reconcile the attorney to his position or divert him from the purpose which he had in view. Young Arthur Ashton Dawson, as he was now called, soon showed, on his part, a gratifying disposition to play into the hands of Mr. Deedes. When old Mr. Dawson adopted him, the former was not a little influenced by the boy's handsome face, high spirits, and winning manners. But in the critical period between eighteen and twenty-one, Arthur's character underwent an unfortunate change. He showed on all occasions a disposition for undesirable company. He became addicted to gambling, and he displayed a remarkable facility for contracting debts. At West Point he was continually in all sorts of disagreeable difficulties, and although Mr. Dawson did not know the whole truth, he knew quite enough to arouse his anxiety, and he was not at all slow in expressing his opinion of Arthur's conduct. Some unpleasant scenes were the result. Neither remonstrances nor warnings, however, prevented Arthur from going

steadily downwards till he was stopped by coming hopelessly to grief in one of his examinations, forfeiting his chance of trying again at a later date. Then Mr. Dawson put his foot down firmly. He offered his adopted son one more chance, paid his debts, and gave him three months in which to select any commercial pursuit to which he would undertake to give his undivided attention. Further, he promised to aid him financially if he paid strict attention to business. But at the same time he made it plain that Arthur's next act of misconduct would involve the termin-

ried into Mr. Deedes' office in a state of evident trepidation.

"Say, Carton, what is a 'post-obit'?" I never heard of it till yesterday."

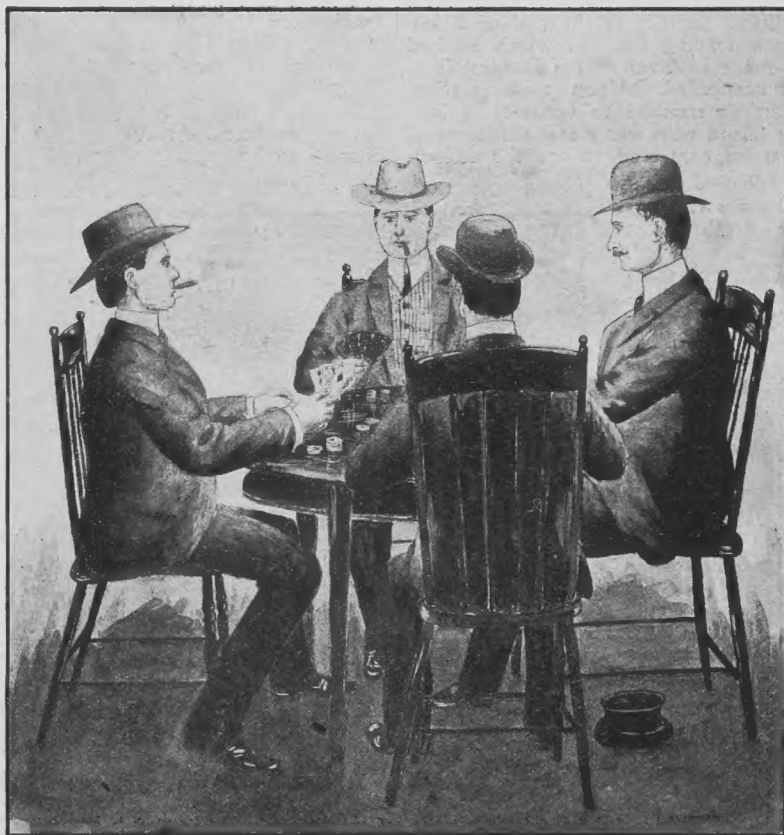
"It's an English term used very little in this country, and it's a simple method of selling a birthright for a mess of pottage," answered the lawyer.

"Oh, tell me in plain English what it is."

"I'm quite serious. Suppose you have a prospect of inheriting fifty thousand dollars on the death of a wealthy relative, and you sell the prospect for twelve thousand, in cash, the document you sign may be an ordinary bond, but, as I've said, the deed is sometimes, especially in England, called a 'post-obit.'"

"How is such a sale made? I suppose you know."

"Before I answer that question, Arthur, you must tell me the reason for your sudden curiosity. I must do my duty to your adopted parent, my dear boy."



HE BECAME ADDICTED TO GAMBLING.

ation of their relationship. Mr. Carton Deedes looked upon all this with grim satisfaction. It was not his business, he argued, to prevent his enemy going to the devil. On the contrary, he was pleased to find that an occasional opportunity presented itself of smoothing the young man's road towards the desirable goal. He was always, nevertheless, friendly and plausible. He took an active part after the last crash in squaring matters between the old man and the boy, and the latter often came to him for advice and assistance.

Arthur's three months' grace had nearly elapsed when he one day hur-

"You needn't be at all alarmed. I was only enquiring for George Raleigh. He said if he came you'd charge him for the information. He's 'hard up' as the result of the Suburban, and he went to our friend Ikey Moses and asked him for a loan of two thousand. Ikey's knowledge of George's prospects caused him to suggest what he called a 'post-obit.' Ikey's an English Jew, you know."

"I see now," said Mr. Deedes, and having learned all he wanted to know, he waived all professional scruples about giving advice gratis, and gave the information which Arthur had request-

Now when Carton Deedes had been assisting, as already mentioned, in the payment of Arthur's debts, Mr. Dawson had exhorted the attorney to give him early warning should he detect any inclination on the young man's part to revert to his former evil ways.

"You're far more likely to get knowledge of such a thing than I am," the old gentleman observed. "I hope, therefore, that you will watch him carefully, Carton, and not allow any mistaken feeling of friendship for the boy to weigh with you if you see he's going wrong. I rely upon you in this matter." With this injunction upon him, Carton Deedes saw clearly where his duty was in the present instance. Accordingly, a few hours after Arthur had left him, he went to the office of Mr. Isaac Moses, the person to whom the young man had referred. He found Moses in, and being well known to him, had no difficulty in learning that Arthur had recently called and what his business had been.

"Did you let him have the money?" Mr. Deedes asked.

"No, the security was not good enough."

"What security did he name?"

"A will, which, of course, may be revoked to-morrow."

"That's so," assented Mr. Deedes.

"All the same, I want you to let him have the money, to oblige me."

"To oblige you," said Mr. Moses, with a sarcastic laugh. "I should be glad to oblige you, but why can't you lend him the money yourself?"

"That's exactly what I want to do, but in your name. I want you to lend him ten thousand dollars, which I will pay you, on a bond which you will assign to me. No name but yours must appear in the transaction, and in the event of any enquiry being made, you mustn't let anybody know that I am connected with the matter."

"For all of which you're willing to pay me—"

"Whatever you think a reasonable remuneration for your work and trouble."

"On those terms I'm willing to oblige you," said Mr. Moses, with an agreeable smile.

"Would you like me to write to our young friend at once, and tell him he can have the money?"

"Yes, please do so," answered Mr. Deedes, and after a little further conversation, he left Moses' office in the very best of spirits.

Two or three days passed. The last day of Arthur's three months of grace arrived without any decision as to the choice of an occupation, although this was one of the conditions imposed by old Mr. Dawson. The latter was consequently in a state of indignation against his adopted son, when Carton Deedes arrived at his house and related his remarkable story—how his suspicions about Arthur had been aroused, how he had made an investigation, and how he had ascertained that the reprobate had been actually borrowing money on the security of a bond payable on the death of his benefactor. Almost incredulous at first, Mr. Dawson insisted upon accompanying Mr. Deedes to the office of Mr. Moses, where he learned the bitter truth. Then he gave way to anger. That night, Arthur

received a letter containing a check for five hundred dollars, together with an intimation that Mr. Dawson had finally "done with him," and that he "neither desired to see him nor to hear from him again."

After this Mr. Deedes had an easy task and circumstances seemed to conspire to make it still easier. Although Mr. Dawson was a hearty and vigorous old man, he had been visibly affected in health and spirits by his recent anxiety. Within a couple of weeks of Arthur's dismissal, he was seized with a fainting fit. His physician looked very serious, and prescribed rest and careful nursing. Where could these be so advantageously obtained as at the comfortable home of Mr. Deedes, and under the watchful eye of that gentleman's wife? Mr. Dawson, who was rather downhearted and lonesome—for Arthur had lived with him during the past three months—took kindly to the idea as soon as it was suggested to him. The arrangements were soon completed, and when the old man had once been installed under the roof of his cousin and attorney, it need hardly be said that many weeks did not elapse before the former will was replaced by a new one in which the lawyer and his family got all they had so patiently waited and plotted for.

There was only one person in the world besides old Mr. Dawson who felt any genuine sorrow at Arthur's downfall, and that was Miss Kate Musgrave, who occupied the position of teacher of the children in the Deedes' family. Under the fostering care of Mrs. Deedes, who thought it an excellent idea that Arthur should crown his misdemeanors by an attachment to a girl who had no money of her own, a dangerous flirtation had been for some time in progress between Arthur and Kate, and so successful had been the diplomacy of the lawyer's wife that, at the time when Mr. Dawson had practically turned the young man out of his house, the sweet, but imprudent, little lady had already promised to become his wife. Kate ought to have known better; but she was only nineteen, and her father and mother had both died before she was two years old.

To do Arthur Ashton Dawson justice, he was not the man to contemplate a romantic marriage upon nothing a year. But as he was fond of Miss Musgrave in his way, and the girl was much fonder of him in hers, they kept up a clandestine correspondence after the final break with Mr. Dawson, and even met from time to time. In this way Arthur was kept accurately informed of everything of any importance that occurred in the house of Mr. Deedes. He heard something about the new will, the nature of which Mrs. Deedes had, strange to say, confided to Miss Musgrave. He heard further that the physician in attendance upon Mr. Dawson had told Mr. Deedes that his patient's heart was in such a weak condition that it was doubtful whether he would live six months. Mr. Arthur Ashton Dawson was now in a position to form a much more accurate estimate of Mr. Deedes' character and motives than he had ever been able to do before, and his change of opinion caused him to rush to the opposite extreme of attributing to the attorney all his own misfortunes. He had thus worked himself up into a condition of misery and hatred, when a quite unexpected opportunity for revenge presented itself.

At more than one of their meetings, Miss Musgrave had told her lover of numerous little attentions paid to her by old Mr. Dawson. She had always laughed when mentioning the subject, and had said that the old man was fond of his cousin's children and was in the habit of spending a good deal of time with them, sometimes in their school-room, at other times in the city park. He had also, when he was well enough to be around, been profuse in small acts of gallantry to Miss Musgrave, paying her pretty compliments, and buying little presents for her. All this, however, was nothing more than might pass for a display of fatherly regard on the part of a widower of sixty-eight towards a pretty girl of a little less than twenty.

"Arthur," said Kate one evening when

they had met as usual, "do you really love me very much?"

"What is your own opinion about that?" answered the young man, ambiguously.

"Would you be quite broken-hearted if I were going to marry another man?"

"I don't know," replied Arthur, with an affectation of indifference.

"I have the chance," said Kate, demurely.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have been asked to become Mrs. James Dawson."

"What!" cried Arthur in astonishment, "you don't mean that the old man has actually proposed to you?"

"He certainly has. We were sitting on a seat in the park yesterday morning, and the children were playing a little distance away." And Miss Musgrave exploded with laughter, in which Arthur heartily joined.

"What did you say," asked the young man, after a moment.

"He wouldn't let me say anything. He was very kind to me. It's wicked of me to laugh at him," said Kate, more seriously. "But he made me cry at the time. He said he knew I should be taken by surprise, and he insisted that I should think over what he had said for a week before giving him an answer."

"You might do worse than take him, Kate," Arthur observed, in a mournful tone. "If the doctors are right, you'd be sure to be a widow within a year, and the old boy is worth half a million dollars. Then I could marry you. Wouldn't that make Carton Deedes mad?"

The suggestion made Miss Musgrave look serious. She said nothing however. The idea, which had come into Arthur's mind quite suddenly, did not pass away. On the contrary, for some time afterwards he thought of little else, and the more he thought about it, the more he liked it. The only point on which he was not quite clear was what the legal consequences would be supposing Mr. Dawson were to marry Miss Musgrave and die at the end of a few months, leaving the will which he had now made in favor of the Deedes' family uncanceled. Upon this question, Arthur determined to consult an intimate friend who was a law student, and whom he contrived to see the following morning.

The answer was very much what he had expected. Mr. Dawson's marriage would absolutely revoke any pre-existing will. If he should die without making another will, one-half of his estate, real and personal, would by the law of this state (New Jersey) go to his widow and the other half to the next of kin—that would be Carton Deedes and his family. It would, of course, be an ordinary case of intestacy. In this way, Arthur, by marrying the widow, would, in any circumstances, divide the property with his enemy. On the other hand, if Mr. Dawson should live long enough to make a new will in favor of his wife, Mrs. Dawson's second husband would cheat Mr. Deedes out of the greater part of his sordid expectations. The idea seemed so excellent that at his

next interview with Miss Musgrave, which took place a couple of evenings later, he urged the young lady to marry Mr. Dawson with as little delay as possible. The old man, he pointed out,

could easily be persuaded to agree to a secret marriage. She herself might find a pretext for that course, and, if not, the state of Mr. Dawson's health, and the strict injunctions of his physicians that he must avoid all excitement, would furnish a sufficient reason. Miss Musgrave listened with a solemn face, which flushed hotly as Arthur unfolded his scheme. "You cannot be serious in this suggestion, Arthur?" she said when he had finished.

"Why not? I am quite serious."

"Oh, how can you ask me to do such a thing? It would be wicked."

"Nonsense!" was the curt reply. "Where's the wickedness?"

"It would be wicked to everybody concerned, and it's a dreadful thing to ask of me—you, of all people. Is that what you call love?"

"Love, indeed!" cried Arthur. "What right have you to talk of love if you let absurd scruples stand in the way of what would make us both happy for life?"

"Think of what you're saying. I'm afraid you don't know what you're talking about," said Kate.

"Indeed, I do. It's this way, Kate. If you're willing to make a sacrifice of your feelings in order that we may be married in a few months, very well. Everything will turn out right. If not, I think our engagement had better end, because in our present circumstances it's an absurdity."

"I quite agree with you, if we can only remain engaged on the terms you name. I'll go home now."

They walked together in silence. As they were about to part, Arthur said: "Don't forget! I'm quite serious. If you refuse to accept the old man, we must part."

At the end of a couple of days Arthur received the following letter:

"I have acted on your suggestion, and have accepted Mr. Dawson's offer of marriage, but beyond that you need not expect any assistance from me. In asking what you did you insulted me, and you must now understand that all communications between us must cease. This is final. If we meet accidentally, it must be as strangers. KATE MUSGRAVE."

Although this letter was not what he had expected, Arthur did not allow himself to be greatly disturbed by his abrupt dismissal.



"WHY NOT, I AM QUITE SERIOUS?"

Six weeks later there was confusion and dismay in the Deedes family! Old Mr. Dawson, who, to the disgust of his host and hostess, had been in much better health lately, went out for a walk

with Miss Musgrave, and did not return. He left a note saying that he and the young lady were going to be married that morning. He added something less hardly less unpleasant. Having learned from his fiancée the opinion of both his doctors as to his condition, he had been to see two eminent specialists, whose names he gave, and both of them had assured him that, for a man of his age, he was in remarkably good health, and in need of little medical attention.

It was a crushing blow to Mr. Deedes to see the fruit of his labors thus destroyed at one blow. However, when the first pang was passed, he accepted the situation with his usual philosophy.

"After all," he said to his wife, "these two celebrated physicians are not likely to have told him the truth—they never do tell the whole truth. And all this excitement is very likely to have a serious influence upon the old man. If he dies without making a new will, Mrs. D. must divide with us and half a loaf is better than no bread at all. The only thing we need fear is that he'll make a new will in her favor. If I can, I must prevent that."

The opportunity for preventing it came more easily than even Mr. Deedes could have hoped. Mr. Dawson appeared anxious to remain on friendly terms with his cousin. He called upon him a few weeks after his marriage and matters were smoothed over. But the old gentleman explained to Mr. Deedes that he must again alter his testamentary intentions, and he gave instructions accordingly for a new will to be prepared under which, of course, the lion's share of the estate was to go to the wife, only a small legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars being left to Mr. Deedes, and nothing whatever to the rest of the Deedes family. The result of the interview was that Mr. Deedes assented with the best grace he could, and set to work to delay the execution of the document as long as possible by every artifice known to the legal profession—and by some methods specially devised for the occasion. So successful was he that between five and six months elapsed without any new will being signed. At this period, fate suddenly crowned the attorney's amiable efforts. After having been for the seventh time frustrated in his desire to get a definite appointment for the execution of the will, old Mr. Dawson got into a passion while in Mr. Deedes' office, and was seized with an attack of apoplexy, which resulted in his death in less than an hour.

That evening Lawyer Deedes returned to his home in a state of exultation which he had difficulty in concealing beneath the air of sorrow which it was necessary for him to assume for the sad occasion. To his astonishment Mrs. Deedes by no means appeared to share his pleasure at the outcome of his schemes.

"You're a very clever man, Carton, I know, and I only hope it won't turn out that you've been too clever."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked her husband in a surprised tone.

Mrs. Deedes' answer caused her husband to rise from his chair, at the same time making use of a violent expression.

"You don't mean it, Jane!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause. "You're mistaken; the idea's absurd."

"Absurd or not, I have suspected it for some little time. You'll very soon know whether I'm right or not."

"If you're right, it will be all over with us. She and the child will take the whole estate. We shall be in a worse position than we should have been if he had executed the new will for which he gave me so many instructions."

Mrs. Deedes was right. There was a child—born three months after James Dawson's death. The old man having died intestate in the eye of the law, the young wife and her infant did take everything. Mr. Carton Deedes and his family did not inherit one cent more than Arthur Ashton Dawson, for neither of them were entitled to anything according to the laws of New Jersey. The latter, after some unavailing attempts to induce the young widow to reconsider her refusal to accept him as a second husband, took a trip to Brazil.

T. NOLAN, JR., and the FRANCHISE WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE



"The crowd looked at the green car, and cheered and 'haw-hawed' until it was hoarse"



ON Baker's Lane the Consolidated ran one car a day, and the car a day made a trip a day—that's all. It was a horse car, a bobtailed affair of a bygone age. The track was worn and rusty. It had lain practically unused for years. The car was as old as the track, the horse was as old as the car, and Donnelly, the driver, was the oldest of them all.

Baker's Lane, by its unkempt appearance, was called "the backyard of all creation." Although at one time it bore the traffic of a prosperous business neighborhood, it had become practically a cipher in the great city. Large buildings had been erected on the thorough-



"Old Donnelly"

fare on either hand, in recent years, and Baker's Lane was their kitchen door, so to speak. It ran from the river, on one side of the town, over to the other side, and then on, nowhere, anywhere. Nobody knew and nobody cared where it ran.

The bobtailed car ran from the rear end of the Consolidated Traction Company's stables, about two miles through the lane to an old, ramshackle shed at the other end of the rusty track.

The people on Baker's Lane understood it. They knew that the car was run merely to prevent the forfeiture of the company's right of way, simply to hold the franchise. Franchises even through deserted streets may still be valuable. Railways change their routes and turn into the new tide of travel, but they never abandon a franchise, never. The people knew all that.

But strangers did not. Old people constantly appealed to the policeman on the corner, gesticulating wildly in the direction of the receding Baker's Lane car, to inquire excitedly how soon the next car would be along. The policeman knew and he always told; and, as he told, he smiled.

"About this time to-morrow, sir, or

thereabouts," he would say. "No, sir! Yes, sir! Well, you see,"—and so on, the same old story. And the denizens of Baker's Lane, having crowded up to hear him say it, would grin to themselves, turn on their heels and go about their business until the next questioner came along.

The Baker's Lane conveyance, though intended for passengers, seldom carried any. One could board it, if he so desired, and, if he did, he would pay his fare; but, if he did, he would never board it again, for that four-mile round trip was sometimes an all-day's journey for Donnelly, the driver; frequently he started from the old shed at his end of the route at seven o'clock in the morning and returned at seven in the evening, or even later, having had the old car in commission all the time. His difficulty was with the trucks,—if he was blocked by one, he was blocked by fifty. Trucks were the bane of Baker's Lane.

Meanwhile, the Consolidated Traction Company, which, with its rival, the Union Street Electric Company, gridironed the city with its trolley tracks,—the Consolidated forgot old Donnelly, and the bobtailed car, and the Baker's Lane track. They didn't count, that's all.

But to T. Nolan, Jr., it was quite a different matter. They were of the utmost importance to him,—had been, all his life, as far back as he could remember. T. Nolan, Jr., was an atom of the aggregation that existed at the other end of the line. He was born and brought up next door to the old ramshackle shed, and every morning he watched Donnelly go out, and every evening welcomed him on his return. T. Nolan, Jr., envied him in secret. He figured out that some day he might get a job like that. For years, though, that was as near as he got to it. Finally, however, he wormed himself into old Donnelly's good graces, and often actually made the trip. That was worth while.

T. Nolan, Jr., was made up principally of bones and freckles, and he is to this day. When you glanced at him carelessly, it was difficult to determine whether his face was white, with large spots of brown upon it, or whether it was brown with occasional spots of white. What wasn't freckles in his make-up was principally feet,—and even they were freckled, too. He was popular in the neighborhood by reason of the fact that he was double-jointed. Secretly, that fact worried him considerably, for he didn't believe that Providence would make a fellow double-jointed and, in addition, furnish him a job as a driver of a car. It was too much good luck, he considered, and he would have preferred to sacrifice the joints. His hair, one of the many variations of light tow, either grew down over his eyes and covered up the major portion of his face, or else it was cut

so short that you couldn't even see it,—there was no compromise about it whatsoever.

To T. Nolan, Jr., all time—and, perhaps, eternity,—was divided into two periods, the first while he was on the bobtailed car, the second, when he wasn't. At first, he contented himself with ringing up imaginary fares inside for amusement, while old Donnelly drove; but later he acquired the inestimable privilege of handling the reins during the long waits consequent upon the immovability of some unloading vehicle in front. On such occasions, he would lean far out over the dashboard, the reins in hand, squaring his lank, lean elbows in the most approved fashion, holding in with muscular tenseness the fiery steed whose nose was meekly pressed against the truck in front, and whose hindquarters brushed against the car behind. To make his efforts all the more effectual and realistic, he twisted on the brakes, and then released them with a suddenness that all but knocked him into the middle of next week. Every time he did it, he concluded more and more that it was just the sort of thing for him.

"Gee, but this old car's dirty," he remarked, one day, to Donnelly, as they pulled into the stables. "Guess I'll have to fix it up, somehow," he continued. He hunted around until he got hold of some old hose. This he attached, surreptitiously, to a hydrant, and swashed the old car, inside and out. He got a piece of cotton waste, washed the windows, and wiped them dry.

"Looks like a different piece o' furniture now," he remarked, to himself. The foreman saw him at it, and came over.

"What are you doing, kid?" he asked. T. Nolan, Jr., explained, and kept on at his work. He trembled, for he expected to be chucked into the street. The foreman looked him over. Then he looked at the car.

"Say, kid," he exclaimed, after the inspection, "want a job?"

T. Nolan, Jr., jumped about three feet into the air,—at least, he thought he did. "Where is it?" he demanded, as he finished his last window and threw down the waste. He soon found out. Some one—a cleaner,—had been laid off, and T. Nolan, Jr., took his place. He had to sweep and wash out cars, and do odd jobs. The union wages for such work were a dollar and twenty-five cents a day. The foreman compromised by giving T. Nolan, Jr., half a dollar, and, by way of avoiding harm, keeping the other seventy-five cents himself. He felt especially qualified to put it where it would do the most good. But T. Nolan, Jr., did not care. He had a job. That was the main thing.

So he cleaned cars, but the car that got the best of the arrangement was the old bobtailed affair. Now, T. Nolan, Jr., figured out that it was much handier for him to ride to work than to walk, so he routed out old Donnelly early in the mornings and hitched up the car for him and started it off before the heavy delivery wagons had begun to obstruct the street, and the old car went careering along as it never had before. Half the time the old man sat inside, and T. Nolan, Jr., held the lines. On those occasions, he flattered himself, he made some record runs. As time went on, the old horse, under T. Nolan, Jr.'s, grooming, began to look young again, and the car looked fresher



"YOU HAVE TO RUN THE OLD CAR IN THIS MORNING."

than ever before. But old Donnelly kept growing older all the time.

One morning, early, somebody tapped on T. Nolan, Jr.'s, window pane. He got up, rubbed his eyes, and looked out. It was a small boy who made the racket.

"Say," he exclaimed, excitedly,— "you know the man wot drives the jigger, an' boards over to our place?" T. Nolan, Jr., nodded. "Well, say," the urchin went on, "he died last night." He stopped and thought for a minute. "And say, sport, you'll have to run the old car in, this morning. Wouldn't I like to be you! Well, say!"

Later in the morning, Nolan approached the foreman at the stables.

"Donnelly's dead, sir," he said; "he died last night." Then he stood and waited.

"Dead, eh?" returned the foreman, rubbing his chin. "Well, who's going to run that old car now, I wonder? What did he want to go and die for, anyway?" He kept on rubbing his chin. "Say, look here, Nolan, you've been comin' down on the bobtail every mornin'. Suppose you try your hand at it. Guess by this time you can run it. What d'ye say to that?"

T. Nolan, Jr., kept his eyes on the ground. He didn't want the man to see them,—they were twinkling a bit too much, he thought. His heart went pit-pat against his ribs. Finally, he looked up doubtfully.

"What's the wages, sir?" he inquired, tentatively.

"Oh, I d'no," returned the man; "we'll give you same's we paid Donnelly."



"He twisted on the brakes with suddenness"

ly,—a dollar a day." Donnelly had been receiving a dollar and a half. T. Nolan, Jr., shook his head.

"Well, I'll do it, sir," he reluctantly responded, "but I don't much like it. There isn't much chance for workin' up, that's all."

"Well," replied the foreman, "you take the job now, and afterwards,—we'll see." T. Nolan, Jr., did so. He wouldn't have missed it for a good deal,—but it was just as well not to let the foreman know that fact.

Now all these years T. Nolan, Jr., had kept his eye on Baker's Lane. He saw a few things that others did not. He noted, in the morning, as he drove to work with Donnelly, that hordes of people tramped down Baker's Lane afoot on their way to work. He perceived that many of them entered the back doors of the large buildings that faced on the adjacent thoroughfares and backed up on Baker's Lane. He saw that, in the evening, these same people poured by hundreds out of the big building into Baker's Lane, bound for home again, and that a fair proportion of them walked the entire length of the old, rusty, track. He stored these facts in his mind for future use, and took the late Donnelly's place.

On the following Monday morning, T. Nolan, Jr., treated Baker's Lane to a surprise. At the regular time, on that day, he pulled out of the shed and started the car down the street. All who saw turned and stood still, and wondered at the sight.

It was the same old bobtailed car, the same old horse, and the same T. Nolan, Jr., but there was a mighty difference in the appearance of all three. The horse was fed and groomed to within an inch of his life,—Nolan had taken care of that. The harness, wherever it had buckles, shone resplendently,—wherever it did not, it was black as

ebony. T. Nolan, Jr., was arrayed in his Sunday clothes, with a nasegay in his buttonhole. His hair was clipped as short as it was possible to clip it. For the first time, probably, in his existence, his sleeves were not rolled to the elbow, and he leaned over the dashboard with an air of unusual importance.

But the crowd never looked at the horse or at T. Nolan, Jr. What it gazed at, open-mouthed, was the car. It was worthy of notice. It was painted a bright green,—a color visible for blocks



"HIS HEART WENT PITAPAT AGAINST HIS RIBS."

on blocks,—green all over. It was not a beautiful shade of green,—T. Nolan, Jr., realized that himself,—but, as a means of attracting attention, it served its purpose. T. Nolan, Jr., had counted on that.

The crowd looked at the green car, and cheered and "haw-hawed" until it was hoarse. When the people became accustomed to the gaudy color, they cooled down somewhat, and read the inscriptions, which filled the spaces over and beneath the windows and on the rear dashboard. Over the windows, in bright yellow letters, appeared the following words, as usual:—

CONSOLIDATED TRACTION COMPANY.

Lower, underneath the windows, the crowd read, on one side:—

T. NOLAN, JR.'S
BAKER'S LANE BRANCH;
THE ONLY
HORSE CAR IN THE CITY

On the corresponding panel, on the other side, he had placed the following announcement:—

THIS CAR IS RUN
TO HOLD THE FRANCHISE:
STEP IN AND HELP TO
HOLD IT DOWN
FOR FIVE CENTS

By way of reassurance to his passengers, especially those familiar with the route, he had painted on the tailboard this inscription:—

NEVER BLOCKED BY TRUCKS
UPON THE TRACK. WE
JUMP THE RAILS AND GO
AROUND THEM. WE GET
THERE, ANYHOW

The crowd,—composed of men bound for work, stood for a moment in silent astonishment, and then crowded into the car, cheering as they went.

Thus T. Nolan, Jr., started his career. The commencement of some great enterprises is attended with much ceremony. But the opening of the Baker's Lane Line was accompanied only with a loud snap of a whip, a vigorous pull on a pair of reins, and the utterance of but one word. That word was "Git!"

"Git!" exclaimed T. Nolan, Jr., to the horse.

"Git!" yelled the crowd.

Somebody timed him. He made the two miles in thirteen minutes,—the record run for the old horse and the bobtailed car. All the way down Baker's Lane the crowd took up the hue and cry, and hailed with cheers the crowded car as it sped on. Heads were thrust from windows; people blocked the doorways.

It was an auspicious start for T. Nolan, Jr.'s Baker's Lane Line. That night he took the same crowd back, and every day he turned in his fares at the cashier's window in the regular way. Thereafter, instead of making one trip a day, the green car made fifteen. After the first day, the fame thereof had spread throughout the town, and people lined the thoroughfare, day after day, to see it go by.

The papers began to notice T. Nolan, Jr. They printed photographs of his car, of his horse, of his family, of himself,—of everything connected with him that they could lay their hands on. One newspaper paid him to write a signed article on his achievement. For a short time, at least, the best known individual in the great city was T. Nolan, Jr., driver of the bobtailed car. Whenever a striking newspaper story appeared, he pasted it inside his car for the delectation of the passengers and for the aggrandizement of himself and his green conveyance.

He didn't let the popular interest flag. He kept posting on the outside of the car seductive little placards, which he prepared with great care, overnight. For one week he exhibited, in the evening, the following sign:—

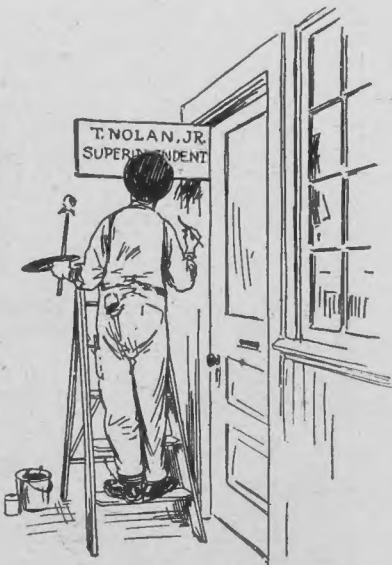
SUPPER'S WAITING FOR
YOU; SMELT IT ON THE
LAST TRIP; HOME IN
THIRTEEN MINUTES BY
THE GREEN HORSE-CAR LINE

In the morning he hung this out;
OUT LATE LAST NIGHT?
TAKE A THIRTEEN MIN-
UTES' SNOOZE ON THE
BAKER'S LANE LINE.
WE WAKE YOU WHEN
YOU GET THERE.

On the morning after the extraordinary appearance of the green car, the foreman of the car house stood in the office of the manager, who, also, was the acting vice-president of the road.

"Well, Cassidy," exclaimed the latter, "what's the matter now?" Cassidy took a step forward.

"It's the Baker's Lane track, sir. The driver's raisin' thunder." The mana-



The sign in front of the room

ger raised his eye-brows and leaned back in his chair.

"Raising thunder is he? Why don't you discharge him then?"

Cassidy shook his head. "Excuse me, sir, but you told me to see you before firin' the men. I want you to fire him, that's what I want."

The manager uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "What are you tellin' me, Cassidy?" he retorted. "Old

Donnelly runs the Baker's Lane car. You don't mean to say that he's kicked over the traces, do you?"

"No, sir," returned Cassidy, "I don't. Poor Donnelly is dead, sir. There's a new man on—young Nolan, sir; that's the fellow."

The manager shook his head. "Young Nolan," he mused; "never heard of him. Who put him on, eh? You didn't come to me about that, Cassidy."

Cassidy having in mind the tithe which he collected out of Nolan's daily wages, hastened to explain just how it came about.

"Well, sir," he replied apologetically, "he's nothing but a kid, sir—about like that." He pointed to a sixteen-year-old boy who was copying letters at a press in an adjoining room. "I put him on. He'd worked about the place, an' I thought he was all right, sir. But now it's got to be too much of a good thing. Did you see this, sir?"

He produced from the left-hand pocket of his trousers, the morning's issue of a local daily paper. It contained a full account of T. Nolan, Jr.'s escapade. The manager had not seen it, although another copy of the same paper lay folded on his desk. He gingerly returned Cassidy's to him, and



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

perused his own. As he read, he smiled. When he had finished he swung around in his chair, glanced out of the window, and thought for a minute or two. Then he swung around towards Cassidy again, and said:

"I'll attend to this, Cassidy, I'll take care of it myself. I'll take a squint at Baker's Lane during the luncheon hour. You wait till you hear from me—understand?"

Cassidy nodded and departed. When he was gone, the manager glanced at the paper once more and laughed aloud.

"Not a bad 'ad' for the 'C. T.' after all," he said to himself. "Say, Ainsworth," he called into the next room, "come here; look there. What do you think of that?"

A week later Cassidy was back. In the meantime he had had no word. The manager was busy, but, nevertheless, he beckoned to the foreman.

"Well," he asked again, "what's up now, Cassidy?"

Cassidy frowned. "It's young Nolan again, sir, an' that fool Baker's Lane jigger he's runnin'. He's gone and took another car; says he's runnin' that branch, an' has a right to. He just went and took it, that's all. I want to know what to do about it."

T. Nolan, Jr., had, indeed, rooted out another car and another horse and put his brother on to drive. They had as much traffic as they could handle. It wasn't much, after all, but it was enough—enough to keep their two old conveyances busy from morning until night. In the long years while the old track had lain resting and rusting, the world had moved, and Baker's Lane was just beginning to move with it. T. Nolan, Jr., had found it out—that's all.

On the present occasion the manager looked at Cassidy from the corner of his eye—the ghost of a smile playing upon his features.

"Yes, Cassidy," he returned, blandly, "well, what else?"

"What else?" gasped Cassidy; "why, sir, he has no right—"

"Cassidy," interrupted the other, "what you're to see to is that the Baker's Lane franchise is held. That's your business, among other things. Now, is it being held? Does one car make one trip a day, according to orders? That's what I want to know—"

"One trip!" exclaimed Cassidy. It makes a dozen, sir."

The other man shook his head. "Does it make one, Cassidy?" he asked.

Cassidy stared at him a moment, and then said: "It does sir."

"Very well, then," returned the manager, "that's all you care about it. You go back to the car house, where you belong, and keep your system in order, and take good care of yourself, and see that at least one car is run at least once a day upon the Baker's Lane track. That's all you've got to do. You're through now. Good morning." That finished Cassidy.

"But there ain't," remarked T. Nolan, Jr., to his brother, one night, "there ain't any Saturday afternoon traffic. We're loosin' half a day's receipts. We've got to fix that up somehow."

They did. All the following week the two cars of the green line bore placards announcing Saturday afternoon excursions for children. Baker's Lane was full to overflowing with the families of janitors and helpers, and they would be carried at five cents a head, the round trip out and back. Each car made three full trips, each time emptying and coming back for more. Six carloads of children went out early every Saturday afternoon, and returned every Saturday evening in time for supper. All the mothers in Baker's Lane could send their offspring for an afternoon's outing in charge of T. Nolan, Jr., at a maximum expenditure of just five cents a head. What T. Nolan, Jr., did with the youngsters when they reached the other end of the line—why, they found out when they reached there. One Saturday he pressed into service still another car. It took its station near where Main Street crosses Baker's Lane. Behind this car were the two others, loaded with youthful excursionists. They were waiting for the word to start. But T. Nolan, Jr., in the special, up ahead, was not ready to give it. He was waiting, too—waiting with his gaze fixed upon the door of a high-toned restaurant, half a block away. Finally he sprang from the platform to the street. Three men had come out. T. Nolan, Jr., knew that they would cross his path.

One of them was the Consolidated manager. The three caught sight of the loaded cars and the children, and chuckled with laughter. T. Nolan, Jr., had become a respectable joke about town. He stopped before them and pointed to his special.

"Gents," he suggested, politely, "will you go over the route? 'Twont take long."

The men looked at each other significantly, and then at T. Nolan, Jr., "We'll go," they said unanimously, and stepped into the car.

"Ready," exclaimed T. Nolan, Jr., clanging the gong with the air of a man conducting a successful enterprise, and the cavalcade began to move.

At the end of ten minutes it halted. "Where on earth are we now?" inquired one of the men within.

T. Nolan, Jr., stuck his head into the car. "Gents," he inquired, "are you going any further, or will you get off here?"

The men looked out. They had reached the end of the line. "Why," inquired the manager, "you don't go any farther, do you?"

"The track don't, sir," responded T. Nolan, Jr.; "but," he added, with a sweep of the arm in a forward direction, "the car does, if it's any accommodation to our passengers."

He pointed to the road ahead, and there, like incipient rails, appeared two well worn ruts along which the car, at times, had evidently wended its untrammelled way in its fight for popularity and success.

By this time the other cars had pulled up. As soon as they stopped, the child-

ren incontinently piled out of them, falling one over another in their eagerness to light.

"Now," exclaimed the three men inside the special, to T. Nolan, Jr., "Great Scott! what's this?"

They had watched the helter-skelter course of the youngsters, who were making for a point to the left of the track. Alongside of the old ramshackle shed was a fenced enclosure belonging to the railroad company. In front of its entrance stood a peanut and lemonade stand. Over this entrance was a sign announcing that there was a circus within. The children made a dash for this entrance and pushed in, one after

and boarded it. T. Nolan, Jr., once more a mere employee of the road, hitched his horse to the car and stood lounging against the rail, waiting for the other cars to start. The manager was the first to speak. His tone was stern and resolute.

"Say, young man," he inquired, "do you know that that piece of ground belongs to the road?" He frowned and pointed towards the entrance to the circus ground.

T. Nolan, Jr., looked at the manager and gulped. He was not prepared for this. He had kept his eye upon the three men, and had an idea that they had enjoyed the show.

Nobody Knows but Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it makes,
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

Sixty Years of Wedded Life.

A very interesting family gathering was held at Pilot Mound, Man., on New Year's Day, it being the 60th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. Treleven, of that town. On Jan. 1, 1844, J. Treleven, a stalwart youth of 23, and Eunice Willard, a bright girl of 20, joined hands for the journey of life on Amherst Island, Ont., and Jan. 1, 1904, found them in Pilot Mound, Manitoba, still hale and hearty and able to take a keen interest in all that is going on in the world.

The celebration took the form of a family dinner party at which were present the three sons and five surviving daughters of the aged couple, the numerous grandchildren and one great-grandchild. The party was made up of: Mrs. E. J. Smith and daughter, and Mrs. D. Campbell and daughter, of Lucknow, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Tweed and family, Crystal City; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tweed and family, Morden, Man.; Mrs. W. U. Little and daughter, Rfdgetown, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Treleven and daughter, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. G. Treleven and son, Killarney; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Treleven and son Lawrence, of

Woodridge, North Dakota; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Buckland and daughter, Pilot Mound (Mrs. Buckland is a granddaughter), and Mr. Charles Second, Pilot Mound, a son-in-law. The aged bridegroom responded feelingly to the good wishes extended to himself and



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

wife and altogether the gathering was one that proved that, in some cases at least, marriage is not a failure.

Mr. and Mrs. Treleven have been 20 years in the west, coming to Pilot Mound from Lucknow, Ont. Mrs. Treleven is a native of Herchmer county, New York, and Mr. Treleven was born in Cornwall, England. This is the first complete gathering of the family for many years.

A Big Loaf.

Among the novelties to be exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition this year is a mammoth loaf of bread about 600 times the size of an ordinary 5c. loaf. A Mississippian from Moss Point will be the creator. A special oven will be built to bake the giant loaf, and Mr. Moss claims that the loaf will be as perfectly baked and as edible as the smaller variety.



LOST IN THOUGHT.

another. There was no admission fee. T. Nolan, Jr.'s, brother and two or three enthusiastic assistants unhooked the horses from the cars and led them inside, for they were part of the circus.

"What's this?" inquired the directors again. T. Nolan, Jr., smiled. "A little scheme of my own, gents," he explained, "for the benefit of the kids. Do a turn there myself, sometimes." He cracked a joint or two, somewhat significantly.

He had not yet unhooked his horse. "Well, gents," he suggested, "shall I take you on or take you back?"

They looked at one another, and then at him. Then they pointed towards the circus entrance.

"Take us in," they replied.

There it was. It was crude enough; but it had the tankard ring, and the few gaudy, flimsy, inexpensive trappings which gave it the semblance of the real thing, and transformed the three car-horses, and the choice selection of youth which rode them, into a genuine performance. There are certain things that a lad with double joints can do. T. Nolan, Jr., did them. There are certain things that a half dozen street gamins, in the exuberance of their spirits, insist upon doing for the benefit of an audience, private or public. T. Nolan, Jr.'s half dozen did them well. There are innumerable things that three horses and as many youthful horsemen cannot help doing. It is very certain that T. Nolan, Jr.'s combination never felt the compulsion incident to their environment as they did upon the present occasion. The circus was a grand success.

At its close, the manager and his associates walked back to the special

"Well, I didn't know, sir, as—." Then he stopped. The manager was still glancing at him keenly.

"Don't know what?" demanded the other.

T. Nolan, Jr., glanced wistfully at the two cars in front with their burden of human freight. Then he glanced off towards the circus ground.

"Well, I didn't know, sir," he replied, looking the manager squarely in the eye. "I don't know as the railroad ever made any more money out of it than they do now, sir. It's laid waste for years till now."

He reached up and clanged the bell. "Git!" he said to his horse.

All this was some half-dozen years ago. Baker's Lane has grown with the passing of time. T. Nolan, Jr., formerly the driver of the Baker's Lane Horse Car Line, still keeps in existence the franchise of the Consolidated Traction Company. He succeeds in holding it even though it now extends out into the country and over to the next town. He has five hundred men or more under him to help him do it.

At the company's office they still remember his peculiar partiality for signs. They have not yet forgotten the old green car. The sign that they have placed in front of the room where T. Nolan, Jr., sits and holds the franchise is this brief inscription, in neat gilt letters:

T. NOLAN, JR.,
SUPERINTENDENT.

—Success.



MR. AND MRS. TRELEVEN, PILOT MOUND, MAN.



Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. W. G.

CHAPTER I.

Reggie MacDonald lived alone in a little "shack" built on a few acres of cleared land which he called "The Ranch." It was on an island off the Pacific coast in British Columbia, and the place was in the middle of the bush. Reggie was a "remittance" man, that is, he lived on a remittance which was sent him every month from the old country. He was a handsome, fine looking fellow and the soul of good nature, but he was lazy.

He was lazy at home, and because of that he was sent abroad. The folly of this was that instead of being impelled to improvement his altered conditions tended only to make him worse. At home he could live upon his family, enjoying all the benefits that their position gave him, without having any real object in life, and here in British Columbia he found himself in a free country where his monthly remittance gave him an advantage and an independence.

Had he not had this source of income he would have had to struggle for a living, to rub shoulders with men of the world, and his harshness would have been smoothed away.

Many people are lazy, really through not having occasion to work. Circumstances have a great deal more to do with these things than most of us imagine.

"The Ranch" was in the centre of a splendid sporting country where the deer were as thick almost as the mice were in Reggie's shack. He had chosen the place because of this fact, for he dearly loved a hunt, and most of his time was spent in pursuit of the sport.

He had not many neighbors, although there was a family residing some four miles away whom he frequently visited.

Hence this young man of first class education and good abilities lived alone and was practically running to waste.

What would rouse him from his lethargy? Could he, if he tried, set to work to make a worthy career for himself?

There were lots of such young men in the recent Boer war whom some people designated as flannelled fools at home, but who on the field, and when under fire, showed their true national grit.

Many of those, too, who saw MacDonald on his small plot of ground, said that he lacked ambition, and certainly he lacked something. What was it?

One very wet day he had been roaming through the woods and had shot two fine deer. One of them he placed in a position of safety and where he could find it next day, and the other he lifted on his back and packed it homewards. He decided to carry it down to his neighbors who, we have said, lived about four miles off. On reaching their place he found several visitors had arrived the day before. They were two ladies from Vancouver, and there was an atmosphere of the city about them. One was an elderly lady and the other her daughter.

Macdonald walked into the house with little ceremony, as was his wont, being a countryman and a frequent visitor. He looked at curious individual with the deer on his back and dressed as he was in a dark sweater, overalls, a mackinaw and a slouch hat.

After depositing his burden, and much against his will, he was introduced to the visitors.

As he was, he presented a striking figure, and the girl from Vancouver certainly thought so. She admired him at once in appearance, and as the evening passed she came to be still more interested. On his part, he was taken with her brightness, her animation, and mental alertness.

His friends pressed him to spend the night at their ranch and he did so.

As he lay on the couch trying to sleep he thought of the girl who had awakened a new chord in him. His ideas already began to take new shape, and did he but realize it he was beginning to know what he had before lacked.

And this beginning led on to his finding every possible excuse to visit his friends. Sometimes he and the rancher went hunting together, and occasionally the girl accompanied them. Generally she took the direction Macdonald took and thus they came to know one another better. As for the man, he began to live in a new world as it were. It was to him a delightful world, too, and it gave him a mien that people had not suspected in him before. The real fact was that the girl had lifted him out of his rut. She plied him with all sorts of questions and demands, and whatever she asked him to do he performed for her willingly, aye almost slavishly. Everything took this new atmosphere



DOWN ON HIS KNEES WITH WATER AND BRUSH.

for him. Even his shack came in for a share of it, and had anybody been there they might have noticed him early one morning, down on his knees, with water and brush scrubbing the floor, and afterwards arranging everything into perfect order.

Time passed and the two came to be more and more acquainted.

One day they were together in pursuit of the fleet-footed game and it must be confessed they missed several opportunities of shooting some of the animals that certainly came very closely in their way.

Each opportunity missed, the girl blamed her companion, but in reality equal blame attached to both.

Presently they sat down on a log to rest, and the situation was an opportunity for Macdonald of another kind.

"I wonder how many deer you have missed this morning?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied, absent-mindedly, "but it's all through you. I was thinking about you when I ought to have been thinking about shooting the deer."

"Silly boy!" she said, laughingly. He put his arm through hers and

she let it remain there, apparently without noticing that it was there.

"Miss Brownie," he said, "I shall miss you very much when you leave here."

"Oh, you'll soon get over that. You'll forget me in about two weeks," and the girl laughed a little mischievously.

"I think I'll return with you to Vancouver," he remarked, half jestingly.

"Yes! Do!" she replied, and they laughed together.

"Would you like me to?" he asked, gently, as he took her hand in his and attempted to steal his other arm round her waist.

She admired this big, handsome Scotchman, but she did not look upon him in the light of a lover.

Her regard however might easily increase as she saw more into his nature.

Now she knew him only as a man living alone, and who dressed in overalls, and was content to spend his time in hunting and smoking his pipe.

As he tried to place his arm about her she pushed him away and rose from the log, saying "Let us go; it must be time we were at home."

So he took up his rifle and followed her, for he had no alternative but to obey.

For the rest of the day he was entirely matter of fact, and when he found himself alone that night his thoughts took a new phase.

"She is a Canadian," he thought, "and perhaps because I am a Scotchman she does not care about me. Or maybe I am not good enough for her?"

"Or maybe I am not good enough for her?"

Then he saw himself as he was, a mere country joskin wasting his life, and he felt indeed unworthy of her.

Then his pride arose and he remembered his family at home, his education, and the capabilities that he knew he had, and of which the world knew nothing, and he made up his mind to leave his ranch, and his idle life, and take his share in the busy world of men.

CHAPTER II.

Some two years after the incidents described Miss Brownie and her mother were one evening sitting on the verandah when a man came in at the garden gate.

He had a tall, handsome figure, and was dressed in a light suit and had on a panama hat. As he came towards the ladies Miss Brownie recognized him, and her cheeks took on a crimson hue.

How different he was from when she had seen him last when he lived upon the ranch on Vancouver island.

He told them he was in the Northwest Mounted Police and was down in Vancouver for a few days.

During those few days he and Miss Brownie saw each other frequently, and the young Scotchman was more than ever impressed with the girl.

On his return to his duties in the north his mind often reverted to her, and as the old ranch had been brightened by constant thoughts of her so the lonely hills and valleys of the northern country had a new aspect for him now.

So the reiteration of these thoughts led him to write a letter to her asking her to be his wife.

She hesitated about replying, and because she hesitated she lost, and yet it was a hesitancy that hardly anyone could blame her for. Certainly she knew well enough by intuition, if by nothing else, that he loved her, but though she was deeply interested in him and admired him she remembered him as he was on "The Ranch," as a remittance man and who, although he was a Scotchman, spoke with a drawling English accent.

On not hearing from her he turned for solace to his duties on the station of which he was superintendent. What did he care, he told himself, what happened to him now. He would live for his work and the perfect discharge of those duties and disciplines which came under his control.

One morning a messenger brought to the station the news of a foul murder in a lonely camp four miles away. A quarrel had ensued between two miners, and one, a powerfully built, half insane man, had shot the other and afterwards fled to the hills.

Taking one of his men, Macdonald mounted his horse and set off back to the camp with the messenger.

They soon procured all information and particulars of the affair and set off on the track of the culprit. It was not long before they came to know that he was close at hand.

He had left, early that morning, from the camp of an acquaintance, ostensibly to prospect, and learning the direction he had taken Macdonald followed it.

About noon the two mounted policemen came to a deep ravine and saw on the other side a faint cloud of smoke curling upward. By a circuitous route they came upon the spot, but there was no one to be seen. They made thorough search, however, and Macdonald espied a man up on a ledge in the rocks.

"Hello, there, Jardine," he cried, "come down here." He had seen that the man answered the description of him they were after.

"Not me; I don't know what you want me for."

Now the other mounted policeman had come up to his companion and knowing the man well he quickly supplied Macdonald with the undeniable identity.

"Come down," shouted the latter, "and don't keep me waiting."

"What do you want of me?" asked Jardine.

"You know what I want, but I'll discuss it when you come down."

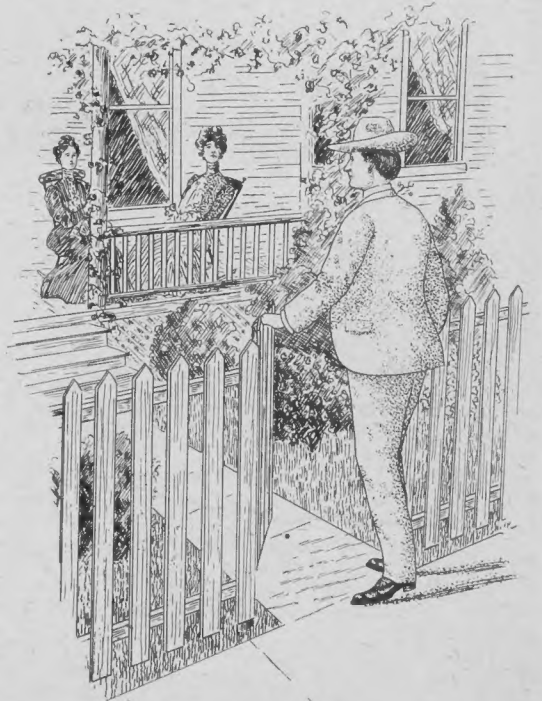
Macdonald saw the dangerous looking weapon the man had, but he heeded it not at all.

"Come down then. I have a warrant for your arrest," and then after a sufficient interval, he called.

"Very well, we must fetch you down, that is all!"

He had had his six shooter in his hand all the time and had kept his eye closely upon Jardine.

He levelled the weapon at the man and



A MAN CAME IN AT THE GARDEN GATE.

ordered his companion to fetch him down.

The murderer, however, was a terribly desperate man and was not to be caught without a struggle.

He dropped suddenly to his knees and clutched the rifle that he had been obliged to drop.

Macdonald, seeing the movement, pulled the trigger, but there was no result, for the weapon failed to act. Something had gone wrong and simultaneously Jardine had fired his rifle and the young Scotchman fell dead from his horse.

CHAPTER III.

Another evening Mrs. Brownie and her daughter were sitting on the verandah, the younger one sewing while her mother was busy reading the newspaper. "Hello! what is this?" she ejaculated.

"Superintendent Macdonald, of the Northwest Mounted Police, stationed at . . . Yukon Territory, shot in the pursuit of his duty."

Then she read the details while her daughter listened in breathless intensity.

Miss Browney knew then that she had lost. She saw that her pride had overtopped her womanly intuition, and her heart suffering was now bitter indeed. She hid her sorrow, which was truly earnest, but she is still unmarried.

An American on Western Canada's Wheat Growing Possibilities.

History abounds in evidence that about once in so many years or months somebody is sure to rise up and prove by mathematical demonstration that in the natural order of events some great misfortune to humanity awaits us in the future and must be met either by ourselves or our children or children's children. Some of them prove that the human race is gradually getting smaller in stature, and from this cause must eventually become so dwarfed as to finally vanish; some of them tell how long it will be before the sun has burned itself out; and some tell us how many years it will be before the increase in the world's population will exceed the earth's producing capacity, and then—but we cannot dwell upon the horrors

of starvation which will then be the portion of our posterity. While many of these speculations are of a purely idle nature, there are some of them which are based upon actual facts and the deductions worked out, while perhaps not correct, are at least interesting, and oftentimes very suggestive.

One of the latest articles to be widely reproduced and which forecasts evil for the British bread eaters, is one which recently appeared in the columns of the London Statist. The Statist claims a conclusion that the world's wheat consumption is growing much more rapidly than the production. The growth in proportion in 25 years is given at 53 per cent., and the question is asked, where, in view of the fact that the older countries of Europe and the United States have reached the limit of their surplus producing power, is a similar proportionate gain in the next 50 years to come from.

B. W. Snow, a well known United States authority on statistics of agricultural production, who has during the past year been travelling in the Canadian West, undertakes to point out in answer to the Statist's contention, that Western Canada is overlooked, or at least our possibilities in wheat production are but very vaguely understood in the old country. What he writes about this country is all of interest, but we have only space for part of his letter. He says:

As to the territorial extent of this

new wheat-growing area, little can be said in the way of definite figures. That there is a very large area with almost ideal soil and climatic conditions for wheat production is beyond intelligent denial, but it is yet too early to bound it by acres. From Winnipeg to Moose Jaw, a distance of 400 miles, is what may be called the old wheat district, a narrow strip along either side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific. A careful survey made by the writer last summer leads to the belief that this line traverses the least valuable part of the wheat area, in spite of the fact that Indian Head and Moose Jaw are two of the largest initial wheat-shipping points in the world. There is a considerable area of valuable land south of the line as yet untouched by railway lines west of Manitoba, but the great area of new wheat land lies to the north. A body of land extending north and south from Regina almost to Prince Albert, say 200 miles, and east and west from about the 100th to (roughly) the 107th meridian, or some 325 miles. Within a year the writer has traversed this district in both directions, and his observations confirm the reports of government surveyors that the greater part of this area comprises soil that may be ranked as first or second class for agricultural purposes, with perhaps not more of waste land than will be found in any equal area in any reasonably good agricultural district. Enthusiastic Canadians claim 100,000,000

acres of good wheat land for all of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and it would certainly seem that one-half of the claim may be reasonably allowed.

As to capacity, that may be measured by what has already been accomplished. Years of failure have been no more numerous than in our own great spring-wheat country, and the natural rate of yield has proved higher than we can get. As an example of what may be expected, the record of the Mennonite settlement at Rosthern between the two branches of the Saskatchewan river and in the northwestern part of the district outlined is instructive. In four years the wheat shipment was increased from 300 bushels to 800,000 bushels, and from a railroad station consisting of a derailed freight car, a town has grown that boasts ten large wheat elevators.

Settlement is going on at a rate comparable only to the population movement that for four generations swept the States from the Atlantic to the Rockies. The character of these settlers differs from that of those who ever before went to a new country. They largely come from the United States, and as a rule take with them some money, much experience and an ability to adapt themselves to circumstances. They are experienced farmers, trained in western agriculture, good citizens, the thrifty, progressive sons of the men who turned our raw prairies into an agricultural empire, and constitute a force that will quickly develop the resources of their new land. With such a class the development of the new wheat lands of Canada will proceed as rapidly as grows the world's demand for wheat.



EAST SIDE OF MOUNT STEPHEN, FIELD, ON THE C.P.R.

Get My Book, if Sick. Don't Send a Penny.

Don't send a penny.

Just wait till you see what I can do. Let me take the risk. Let me prove up first what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do. The Restorative will gain your friendship, your endorsement, if you test it. And for a whole month you can use it without the slightest risk. I will tell you of a druggist near you who will furnish six bottles of

Dr. Shoop's Restorative A Month on Trial.

I will absolutely stand all the cost if it fails. If you say, "It did not help me," that ends it as far as cost to you is concerned. Do you understand me? I am telling it as plainly, as clearly as I can. I want you to know absolutely and without doubt that this offer is made on honor. I have the prescription that cures. My only problem is to convince you that Dr. Shoop's Restorative will cure—is an uncommon remedy. A common remedy could not stand a test like this. It would bankrupt the physician making the offer. And I am succeeding everywhere. Thousands are accepting my offer and only one in each forty writes me that my remedy failed. Just think of it. 39 out of 40 get well and these are difficult cases, too. And the fortieth has nothing to pay. That is a record I am proud of. It is wrong to stay sick when a chance like this is open. If well, you should tell others who are sick, of my offer. Don't let a sick friend stay sick because he knows not of my offer. Tell him. Get my book for him. Do your duty. You may be sick yourself, sometime. Sick people need help. They appreciate sympathy and aid. Tell me of some sick friend. Let me cure him. Then he will show to both of us his gratitude. Your reward will be his gratitude. Send for the book now.

Do not delay.

Simply state Book 1 on Dyspepsia, which book you want and address Book 2 on the Heart, Book 3 on the Kidneys, Dr. Shoop, Box 98, Racine, Wis. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 for Men (sealed). Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

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In the Moose Mountain Country.

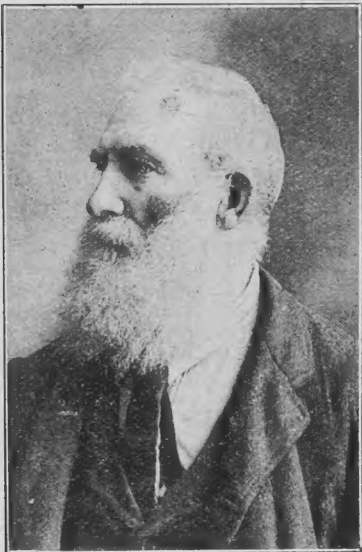
The Towns of Arcola, Carlyle and Manor.—Important Centres of Rich and Fertile Districts.—No Crop Failures.

ARCOLA.

The prosperous and fast growing town of Arcola is situated in the famous park land district of Eastern Assiniboia at the present terminus of the Arcola branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 130 miles northeast of the city of Regina, the capital of the Northwest Territories, and 252 miles northwest of the city of Winnipeg. The town dates from the completion of the railway in the fall of 1900. Its growth in the brief space of a little over three years has been remarkable, justifying its incorporation as a town at the end of 1903. The following were elected as the first town council: Mayor S. McGurk, Aldermen J. R. Mears, R. H. Cook, J. G. Hopper, James McEwen, W. H. Jones, J. A. McKinnon.

There are six grain elevators and one flat warehouse in the town with a capacity of over two hundred thousand bushels. In addition to this Snider & Lees contemplate the erection of a large elevator. The wheat shipments from the crop of 1901 was about 260,000 bushels, from that of 1902 about 500,000 bushels. The estimated shipment from the crop of 1903 is 800,000 bushels. During the year 1902, 76 cars of settlers' effects were unloaded at this point. In 1903 the number increased to 256.

The growth and prosperity of the town is but simply an index to the fertility of the soil of the district and the intelligence, perseverance and industry



JAMES GORDON, VETERAN AND PIONEER RANCHER OF THE MOOSE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

of the settlers who are bringing to the surface for the benefit of mankind the hidden wealth of the soil.

The settlers generally are English speaking, hailing originally from Ontario, with a sprinkling of Americans and Germans, nearly all the latter speak the English language fluently. There are also a few Scandinavians who speedily adapt themselves to the language and customs of the country. All nationalities unite in noble efforts to turn into good account the splendid heritage placed before them and in building up a superior civilization.

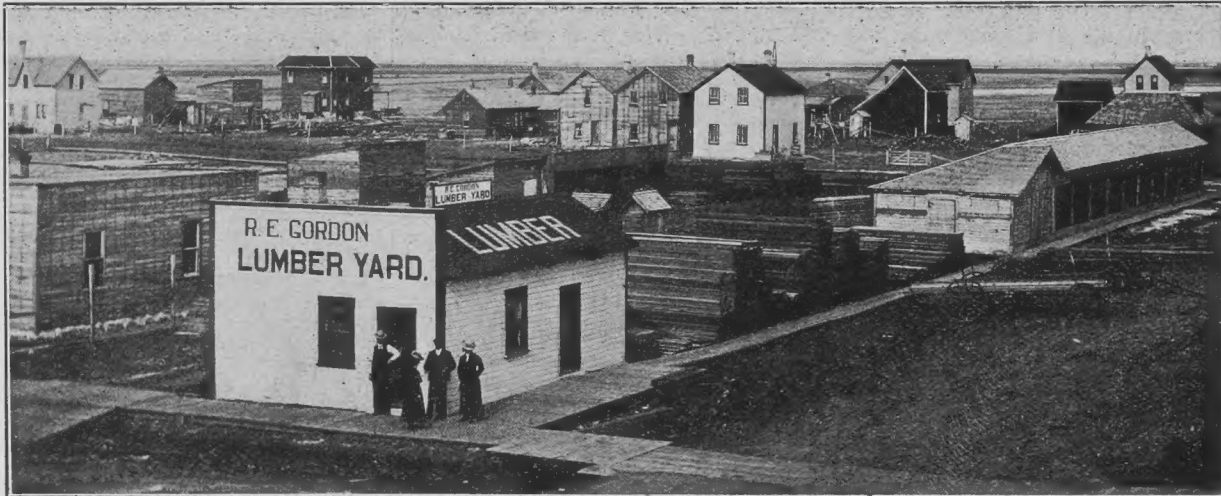
COOK BROS. & CO., REAL ESTATE.

The business of Cook Bros. & Co. was established by Mr. A. B. Cook in 1902. The firm now consists of the three brothers, A. B. Cook, R. H. Cook and C. C. Cook. The firm have a large list of wild and improved lands for sale in the district of Moose Mountain, at prices ranging from \$8 to \$12 per acre on the prairie and from \$5 to \$10 per acre in the mountains. Most of this land

can be secured on easy terms of payment. The firm also own considerable land which they are prepared to sell on crop payments. Parties who have horses and equipments, and sufficient means to tide them over the first year find this plan very convenient. Money is also loaned

at Arcola, came to the place in December, 1900, and commenced the transaction of business before the station building was under cover. He is the oldest employee now in the station service of the company, having been in its service in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories for 23 years. Mr. Bush considers that the Moose Mountain district is the best for farming that he has seen during his lengthy experience in the West in the railway service. The average yield in the district being fully 30 per cent. larger than other districts that he has been stationed at. Mr. Bush also acts as land agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canada Northwest Land Co., and in that capacity disposed of over 50,000 acres of C. P. R. lands (most of which to actual settlers) during the past two years. He has still on his list 120,000 acres of company and other lands for sale at moderate prices,

a capacity of 125 barrels per day, is equipped with the most modern machinery. The mill is under the personal management of Mr. E. Snider, who is a practical miller having been well drilled in the intricacies of the trade by his uncle, Mr. Wm. Snider, at Waterloo, Ontario. He has had a western experience of about 8 years, 6½ years of which he spent with Young & Buck, millers, of Killarney. He was for 18 months head miller with McCulloch & Herriott, at Souris. Mr. Lees, the other partner in the firm, has been a successful farmer in the district for about 24 years and retired in 1903. The firm's leading brands of flour will be Perfection, Patent, Prairie Queen, and Bakers Delight. The wheat of the district being of the best milling variety, the consumer may well expect a high grade of flour. The firm will also export wheat and other cereals, and are ready to pay



R. E. GORDON'S LUMBER YARD, ARCOLA, ASSA.

to assist new beginners. Cook Bros. & Co. also represent the standard fire insurance companies specially adapted for farmers' risks. Mr. A. B. Cook of this firm is the Dominion sub-land agent for the Alameda and Regina districts. All business connected with government work can be transacted here.

J. S. BUSH, REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Bush, the C. P. R. station agent

ranging from \$5 to \$15 per acre, on easy terms of payment. Some of the land is suitable for wheat farming entirely, while others would be more adapted for mixed farming purposes.

A MODERN FLOUR MILL.

An important industry in a progressive farming community is a good grist mill. The Moose Mountain Roller Mills, recently erected by Snider & Lees, with

the highest market price for the same.

ROBERT WATKIN, M.D.

Dr. Watkin is the pioneer physician of the district, after graduating at the Manitoba Medical College in 1899, he served a year as house surgeon at the Winnipeg General Hospital, coming to the Arcola district in 1900. He enjoys a good practice and is examining physician for the Sons of Scotland, the An-



FISH LAKE, NORTH OF ARCOLA AND CARLYLE, ASSA.

OWN A FARM in the MOOSE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

IT IS AN ADVANTAGE to be located near Arcola, because everyone who is interested in Canada Farm Lands knows:

That it is situated in the centre of a great wheat belt; That the district has a reputation for great fertility; That in 1901 the average yield per acre was 24.33 bushels; That in 1902 the average yield per acre was 26.60 bushels; That this season already over 650,000 bushels have been marketed; That it has a new, up-to-date flour mill of 150 bbl. capacity; That the town has a population of over 600; That it has a Dominion Government Office and Chartered Bank; That it has 6 standard elevators and a warehouse with a capacity of 202,000 bushels; That the district has numerous post offices and schools established in the country; That it has an unlimited supply of free fuel and building timber in the mountains; That it has thousands of tons of hay in the mountains; That the wheat rate is only 1/2-cent higher than in Manitoba. That railway facilities are equal to those of any part of Manitoba; That good water can be obtained at from 12 to 25 ft. in any portion of district.

We have still 400,000 acres to sell in this district and along the new extension from Arcola to Regina at from \$8 to \$12 per acre. This land is as good as any in the Canadian West for the growing of No. 1 hard wheat. We have also 23,000 acres of **Ranch and Mixed Farm Land** in the Moose Mountains at from \$5 to \$8 per acre on easy terms. All this land is only about half the price of Manitoba lands, and yet Government statistics show a twelve per cent. increase in yield. Our taxes are lighter than in any portion of Manitoba. These facts speak both to the poor and prosperous farmer. Buy for investment or for a home, and you cannot fail to realize in the Arcola District.

Write now for a new map of the District, and information and terms of purchase. Send for the addresses of a few of our Farmers.

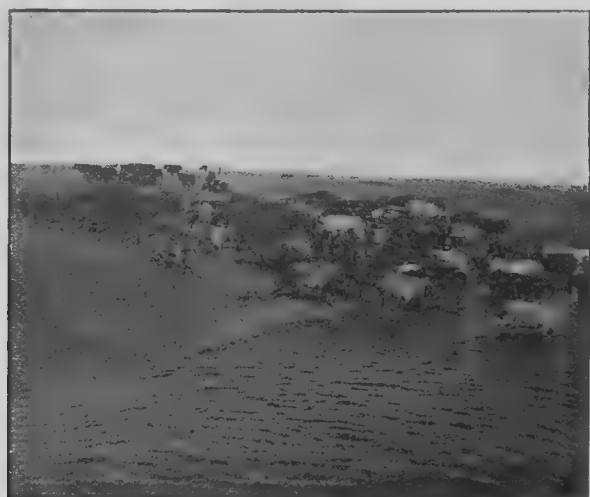
Real Estate Agents, **COOK BROS. COMPANY,** ARCOLA, N.W.T.

cient Order of United Workmen and the Knights of Maccabees.

MOOSE MOUNTAIN STAR.

The Moose Mountain Star is a neat eight-page weekly publication well written and neatly printed. It was established in 1901 by the present editor and publisher, Mr. A. D. McLeod, who proposes installing larger and improved machinery shortly and enlarging the paper to 12 pages. The Star has a large circulation and enjoys an extensive ad-

1900 as manager of J. A. Thompson's lumber yard. He bought out James McEwen's lumber business in 1902. He carries a full assortment of lumber and building materials, including doors, sash paper, lime, brick, etc. He intends to extend his business by the erection of a planing mill this season. Mr. Gordon is secretary-treasurer of the newly organized Arcola Brickyard Co. He is also president of the Moose Mountain Hockey League, and takes a deep in-



WM. JEFFERSON'S CATTLE CROSSING MOOSE CREEK, ASSA.

vertising patronage. Mr. McLeod is a native of the eastern townships of Quebec. He came to Winnipeg in 1883 and completed his education at Manitoba College, graduating as a Bachelor of Arts in 1894. He taught school for five years in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. He gave up his profession in order to establish the Star. He has been chairman of the school board since its establishment in 1901. He was a candidate for the Territorial Legislative Assembly in elections of 1902 as a supporter of the Haultain government. He is at present secretary of the Arcola Liberal Association.

R. E. GORDON—LUMBER YARD.

Mr. Gordon came to the town in

interest in manly sports and all that tends to improve the race morally and physically.

J. S. DONALDSON, DRUGGIST.

Mr. Donaldson is a native of Woodstock, Ont. He graduated from the College of Pharmacy, Toronto, in 1887. He came to Arcola from Brandon in 1900. He carries a full assortment of drugs, medicines, fancy goods and sundries. In addition to local trade he pays close attention to all orders received by mail.

THE POST OFFICE.

Mr. T. C. Yeoward, postmaster, received his appointment in May, 1903. He is a courteous and obliging official. Arcola is a distributing point for eight country offices.



OAT HARVEST ON FARM OF A. BENNET, NEAR ARCOLA, ASSA.

HE KNOWS

AND SO DO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS, THAT THE BEST PLACE TO GET :::::

LUMBER

HIGH GRADE
COMPLETE STOCK
RIGHT PRICES

is at Gordon's Lumber Yard,
MAIN STREET.

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF ALL
KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL :::

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Finish,
Sash, Doors, Mouldings.

BRICK and LIME.

Let us estimate on your bill of lumber and we will guarantee satisfaction and right prices.

**R. E. GORDON, LUMBER
MERCHANT**

Next door to Post Office,

ARCOLA, - - ASSA.

HAVE YOU GOT OUR CALENDAR?



Hotel Carlyle

First-class Accommodation to the Travelling Public. Nothing but the best brands of Liquors and Cigars are handled. Rates, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day.

J. L. HOGGARTH,
Proprietor.

Carlyle, Assiniboia

J. S. DONALDSON

DRUGGIST
and STATIONER

DRUGS, Patent Medicines,
Perfumes, Stationery,
School Books,
Cigars, etc.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

ARCOLA, ASSINIBOIA



FRIENDS.

One of the First White Children born in Arcola, Assa.

RELIGION.

The religious needs of the community are well looked after by the following:

Methodist Church—Rev. H. G. Cairns, pastor.

Presbyterian—Rev. A. C. Strachan, pastor. Mr. Strachan is a native of Manitoba and a graduate in arts of Manitoba College. He graduated in theology from a San Francisco seminary.

English Church services are at present conducted by Mr. S. E. Rathwell, a lay reader.

Baptist Church services are held during the summer months and conducted by a missionary from Brandon College.

be made in the Arcola district with less exertion than in any other district that he had visited. He, however, added that steady work and economy tells, and to make a success of farming people have to apply ordinary business rules to it, and work hard during plowing, seed and harvest time.

John Hislop resides on his farm of 300 acres 6 miles northwest of the town, and is engaged in mixed farming.

Wm. Hislop, who succeeded his father, has a farm of 640 acres situated five miles northwest of the town, and is also engaged in mixed farming.

Archie Hislop has a farm of 960 acres adjoining the town on the east side. He is engaged principally in grain growing.

Mr. A. B. Reid, weed inspector for the Arcola and adjoining districts, resides at Percy, ten miles northwest of the town of Arcola. He came to the district seven years ago. He has been engaged in wheat growing. He owns 320 acres and leases 160 acres. He has 300 acres under cultivation. Wheat last year averaged 28 bushels to the acre. One field of oats produced an average of 75 bushels, while the general average was 60 bushels of this cereal.

Mr. John Beggs, of the Pioneer stock farm, four miles southwest of the town, came to Manitoba in 1878 from California. He is a native of Vankleek Hill, Ont. He came to the Moose Mountain district in 1882, and has been engaged in mixed farming, making a particular hobby of stock raising, which business he has conducted with considerable success. He has now a herd of 53 head of Shorthorn cattle, a number of which are registered. He sold a bull named Minto at Calgary two years ago for \$210. Mr. Beggs now owns 800 acres of land, through which the Moose Creek runs. There is about 20 acres of willow and the poplar bluff on this farm. Mr. Beggs

Battalion, Canadian Militia during the Fenian raid period. He came west in the early days and broke land near Saskatoon in 1883. He removed to Prince Albert in 1884 and was there with the besieged during the Reil rebellion of 1885. He was a member of the Prince Albert irregulars attached to the commissariat department. Mr. Gordon has 150 head of cattle on his farm and improves his stock with a purebred Shorthorn bull (registered). He is well pleased with the country.

CARLYLE.

Another town called into existence by the wonderful resources of the Moose Mountain district is that of Carlyle, situated 10 miles east of Arcola, and within 6 miles of the mountain. The photograph from which the half tone cut which appears in this issue was made was taken early in 1903 when the place was about a year old. It depicts part of the main business thoroughfare. The Arcola Hotel occupies the left hand corner. This hostelry, conducted by Mr. J. L. Hoggarth, is a solidly built stone building, and is largely patronized by the farmers and ranchers of the district and also by travellers. Mr. Hoggarth is a genial host and studies well the comfort of his guests.

The right hand corner of the street is occupied by the Hotel Del Monte, conducted by Mr. J. A. Cornett. This hostelry was erected a little over a year ago by a syndicate of enterprising citizens. It is a stone and brick veneer building, and is largely patronized by commercial travellers and others. It is one of the most comfortable and best conducted establishments in the West.

There is a chartered bank and a number of mercantile establishments in the town. It has also a newspaper—The Carlyle Herald, a neat, well written,



J. S. BUSH, STATION AGENT, ARCOLA, ASSA.

Carlyle which, with the flat warehouses, bring the grain storage capacity up to 175,000 bushels. There is also a loading platform from which the grain growers may load direct into cars.

GEO. KELLETT, REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Kellett, in addition to discharging the duties incumbent upon him as station agent, acts as land agent for the Hudson's Bay Co. and the Canadian Northwest Land Company. He has a large list of land for sale at prices ranging from \$6 to \$15 per acre according to locations. These lands can be purchased on easy terms of payment. People who may be looking for new homes or for investments will do well to communicate with Mr. Kellett, or better still call upon him if they can visit the town of Carlyle. They will find him always willing to do all in his power to facilitate transactions in land and furnish the home seekers with valuable information regarding the most desirable locations.

A SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN.

Mr. D. C. McFee, of the D. C. McFee Land Co., came to the district in the year 1901 from Clear Lake, South Dakota. He resides on his farm of 320 acres half a mile east of the town. He has a comfortable residence and good outbuildings worth \$5,000 on what was two years ago virgin prairie. In addition to his home farm, Mr. McFee owns 1,120 acres, which he has for sale. The company have besides a large list of wild and improved lands for sale in the district at prices varying from \$8 to \$30 per acre, according to location.

MR. N. H. CLARKE.

Mr. N. H. Clark, who resides on his farm 3½ miles northwest of Carlyle, came to the district in the year 1902



TURNING TEN FURROWS ON E. A. GUILLEMAN'S FARM, NEAR ARCOLA, ASSA.

The Methodists have a neat church building, while the Presbyterians have commenced the erection of a substantial church which is estimated to cost \$10,000. The religious element in the community is strong, many of the young people faithfully assisting the pastors in imparting religious knowledge to the young and at the same time improving their own minds.

EDUCATION.

The public school is at present carried on in frame buildings, but plans have been prepared for the erection of a handsome school building of four rooms at a cost of \$12,000. The present teaching staff consists of Miss Campbell and Miss Slater.

EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS.

Mr. Thomas Hislop, a retired farmer who now resides in the town, came to the district in 1882 from Brussels, Ont., where he was engaged in farming. He started operations five miles northwest of Arcola with a small capital, and for 18 years followed the business successfully. Farming was uphill work for many years as wheat had to be teamed to Moosomin, a distance of 65 miles, and afterwards to Alameda, a distance of about 40 miles. In spite of these disadvantages Mr. Hislop made farming pay. He cultivated about 120 acres of land and raised cattle, wintering during the last ten years of his operations 45 to 50 head of cattle. He made more money raising cattle than by grain growing. In reply to queries Mr. Hislop declared that he found that a living can

cultivate 180 acres of land. Wheat yielded last year, which was an off year, 22 bushels to the acre. Oats will average one year with another 50 bushels to the acre.

A VETERAN.

Mr. James Gordon, who is engaged ranching in the Moose Mountain, and resides near Hazelwood post office, 25 miles northwest of Arcola, has had some very interesting and varied experiences. He is a native of Durham county, Ont., was a member of No. 3 Company 45th

eight page weekly edited by Mr. Jas. I. Ross.

The old post office of Carlyle was situated at a point four miles southwest of the present town. After the completion of the railway in 1900, the post office and stores were brought to the railway. The growth of the town during the past 18 months has been very substantial, the buildings erected being solid and displaying architectural skill.

GRAIN FACILITIES.

There are five standard elevators in



FARM RESIDENCE OF JOHN BEGGS, NEAR ARCOLA, ASSA.

D. C. McFEE LAND CO.

LOANS and INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE

Estates managed for non-residents and others. We have a large list of wild and improved lands for sale, including some of the finest farms in the district, on reasonable terms.

CARLYLE, ASSA.

FARM LANDS

A large list of wild and improved
land for sale in the famous

PRICES

FROM \$6.00 TO \$15.00 PER
ACRE ON EASY TERMS
OF PAYMENT.



MOOSE MOUNTAIN

DISTRICT

AGENCY

FOR
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
HUDSON'S BAY CO.
CANADA NORTH-WEST
LAND



comprising some of the best wheat
and mixed farming land in the world.

Geo. Kellett, Carlyle, Assa.

from Clear Lake, North Dakota. His farm is beautifully located between Moose Mountain and the town of Carlyle. The farm consists of 320 acres, nearly all of which is under cultivation. During the first year Mr. Clark sowed 200 acres in flax. The crop paid the cost and running expenses of the farm the first season. Mr. Clark has a fine large frame residence and good outbuildings. Swift Creek, a beautiful stream of clear spring water runs past the buildings and through the pasture. He has additional pasture for cattle in the mountains. Mr. Clark's two sons, Jesse and Charles, have each a 480 acre farm and are making rapid progress on the road to wealth.

DESIRABLE NEIGHBORS.

The district tributary to Carlyle is settled by the most desirable class of settlers—principally people from Ontario of Scotch descent, sturdy sons of toil who bravely struggled against disadvantages before the advent of the railway and made a success of farming when grain had to be teamed over fifty miles to market.

During recent years a number of very desirable American farmers have arrived in the district with the double advantage of a railway, and, possessing capital, these men have made

very rapid progress. Most of them have comfortable dwelling houses and good outbuildings. During a stay of about two weeks in the Moose Mountain district the writer met a large number of settlers, not one of whom had any fault to find with the country, but considered it the best mixed farming or wheat-growing district in the world and were satisfied that all the comforts and happiness that is to be extracted from life can be enjoyed in the Moose Mountain district. Crop failures are unknown here, while the raising of horses and cattle and dairying has been a great success.

The settlement of Dalesboro, situated about fifteen miles southwest of Carlyle, is occupied principally by American Germans. These people understand the art of growing wheat and stock-raising, and are very successful in their operations. They own comfortable buildings, have good horses, cattle, modern machinery and everything that tends to make the farmer's lot a pleasant one.

CHURCHES.

The Presbyterians have a very neat and substantial brick veneered church, with a stone basement, at

Carlyle. Rev. A. W. K. Herdman is at present in charge as an ordained missionary.

Methodist church services are at present conducted by Rev. H. G. Cairns in the school house.

EDUCATION.

There is at present a neat frame school house in the town. The teaching staff consists of Principal T. Jarrot, assistant Miss Cochrane. A new four-room school house, at a cost of \$12,000, is to be erected this season.

INDIAN RESERVE.

The White Bay Indian Reserve, situated 9 miles northeast of the town of Carlyle, is in charge of Mr. Wm. Murison, Indian agent. The Indians, guided by Mr. Murison and his assistant, cultivate the soil, grow wheat and other cereals, vegetables and garden truck. They take pride in their work and have the ambition to excel. There is a Presbyterian mission on the reserve in charge of Mr. F. T. Dodds. This faithful missionary takes a deep interest in his work. Efforts are made to educate, civilize and christianize the aboriginal race and to prepare them eventually to take their place on equal footing with their white brethren.

HOTEL DEL MONTE

J. A. CORNETT, Prop.

offers first-class accommodation to the travelling public.

Large and well ventilated rooms.

Commodious sample rooms.

Modern conveniences.

The best brands of Liquors and Cigars.

TERMS: \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

CARLYLE, ASSA.

A. H. de Tremaudan, B.A.

Notary, Etc. Notaire, Etc.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

If you want a house for yourself on easy terms, come and see me. For quick sale, list your property with me, no matter where located. Any business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention.

MANOR - ASSA.

ROBT. WATKIN, M.D.

Late House Surgeon
WINNIPEG GENERAL HOSPITAL.

Office and Residence:
OVER HAMELIN BLOCK,
ARCOLA, N. W. T.



PART OF MAIN STREET, CARLYLE, ASSA.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM AND VILLAGE PROPERTY



MANOR, ASSA., SHOWING STORES OF A. N. STINSON AND MOOSE MOUNTAIN TRADING CO.

Mr. Dodds takes a deep interest in his work and has great faith in the future of the Indians. Living among them, he declared to the writer, that taking the Indians generally, they will compare favorably in honesty and integrity to the average white population of the west.

MR. HENRY ROBERTS,

Mr. Henry Roberts, a native of Richmond Hill, Ontario, came to the district seven years ago from South Dakota, where he was for ten years. He has a 320 acre farm four miles southeast of the town. He has been engaged in the growing of wheat, but intends to devote more attention to stock-raising in the future, as he considers that there is more money in mixed farming. He is well pleased with the country, and declares it to be the best that he has seen for farming. Mr. Roberts has set out a

Lumber is imported from Manitoba, Ontario and British Columbia; brick from Winnipeg. But there will be a plentiful supply of local bricks when the new company gets into full operation at Arcola, as there is an unlimited supply of good brick clay in the immediate neighborhood. This will greatly reduce the cost of brick, inasmuch as the company purposes disposing of their manufacture at close prices in order to encourage the erection of brick buildings.

FUEL.

The settlers of the Moose Mountain district are well provided with fuel. The Moose Mountain contains an unlimited supply of poplar and white birch, which is sold in the towns of Arcola and Carlyle at about \$2.50 per cord or \$4 per load. Souris coal is mined in the neighborhood and is teamed by the farmers to their homes.

typhoid or other malignant diseases. Good water can be secured in any part of the district in wells at a depth of from 20 to 40 feet. These remarks will apply to the whole district.

cereals. The sub-soil acting as a reservoir, retaining the frost of winter and rains of summer until they are drawn up by the rays of the summer sun to nourish the grain plants.



SCENE AT MANOR, ASSA.

Since this photo was taken two more elevators have been erected.

grove of 500 poplar trees around his home. These, as well as currant bushes in the garden, are thriving.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

There is a good supply of building stores in the Moose Mountains.

Galt and Pennsylvania coal is also used to some extent.

A HEALTHY COUNTRY.

In reply to interrogations, Dr. Watkin declared the district to be a very healthy one, remarkably free from



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CARLYLE, ASSA.

THE SOIL.

The soil throughout the Moose Mountain district is a black clay loam, varying in depth from a few inches to three feet, with clay sub-soil. It is the best soil in the world for the successful growing of wheat and

THE CLIMATE.

For the information of the readers of this magazine who dwell in other lands, it is necessary to refer to the climate. Many people who reside in countries not so desirable as the great Western Territories of Canada



THRESHING SCENE ON FARM OF J. WALLACE, NEAR MANOR, ASSA.

Have a dread of the climate brought on by exaggerated reports. The atmosphere is clear, dry and bracing, giving health and vigor to old and young. There are certainly very cold days in the months of December, January and February, when it is necessary for all persons venturing out of doors for any length of time to be well clothed in woolen garments. The cold spells are, however, broken by days that are mild and sunny, with beautiful clear skies—days that may truly be described as perfect days—which go a long way to compensate for the occasional blizzards and very cold days. In the spring, which opens the beginning of April, the days are simply delightful. The hot days of midsummer are broken by the cool nights that invariably prevail. People who come to Canada from the Southern States of the American Union, from Eastern Canada and even from the South American Republic, get accustomed to the climate in a few years, and, in most cases, prefer it to the damp cold atmosphere of the sea coast, where a temperature of zero is fully as objectionable as one of 25 below zero in the dry bracing air of the west. At the same time it is the duty of everyone to provide in the summer for plenty of fuel and clothing to put them comfortably through the winter.

A BEAUTIFUL LAKE.

Fish Lake, situated 15 miles north of the town of Carlyle, and about 20 miles northeast of Arcola, is a beau-

turkeys, ducks and prairie chickens in abundance on the prairies. The settlers, therefore, may enjoy much profitable pleasure.

SMALL FRUIT.

There is an abundance of small fruit, such as saskatoons, cherries and raspberries, growing wild in the Moose Mountains. The settlers take full advantage of these and put by a good store of preserves for the winter use.

The usefulness of the Moose Mountains is not confined to the supply of timber for building, fencing and fuel purposes, or to provide pleasure and sports. Thousands of cattle graze upon its brows. The animals are turned out in the spring and brought in in the fall fat and sleek for the market. Horses live out all winter and find ample nourishment in the self-cured hay of the prairie and hills. The exercise necessary to paw away the light fall of snow being just sufficient to keep them in good health.

As a general proof of the fertility of the soil of Eastern Assiniboia and its adaptability to the raising of wheat the Territorial Government reports give an average yield of red fife wheat as follows: 1900, 28 bushels; 1901, 36.20 bushels; 1902, 33.30 bushels to the acre—weighing 61 lbs., 62½ lbs., and 62 lbs., respectively. The figures for 1903, which was an off one here, will probably show an average of 26 bushels of wheat to the acre.



WIGGINS & DICKIN'S LIVERY STABLE, ARCOLA, ASSA.

tiful sheet of water is dotted over with islands, which in turn are ornamented with maple, elm, poplar and birch trees. The lake abounds in fish, principally pike and pickerel, which afford ample sport for the angler. One man has been known to land with rod and line from fifty to seventy-five fish in a single hour. There are two summer hotels on this lake, and a number of summer cottages, where many spend the hot days of summer from the towns and vicinity of Carlyle and Arcola.

There are a number of gasoline launches, sail and row boats on the lake, affording much pleasure and recreation.

SHOOTING.

Wild game is very plentiful in the district, including moose, elk, red deer, wolves, foxes, partridges, ducks, etc., in the mountains, and wild geese,



FARM HOME OF FRED. H. WEST, 1½ MILES NORTHWEST OF MANOR, ASSA.

MANOR.

The prosperous little town of Manor is situated on the Arcola branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the district of Eastern Assiniboia, at a point about 33 miles west of the boundary of Manitoba and 233 miles southwest of the city of Winnipeg. The town site was well selected on sloping grounds, with good natural drainage. The streets are well laid out and maintained in good repair. There is also a liberal mileage of good sidewalks.

While it may be true that a rose under any other name would be just as sweet, yet this is an age of pretty names. Manor is certainly an euphonious name for a town. It derived its name in common with a number of the towns of the Arcola branch from the old settlement. Cannington Manor was an old settlement of the early days, so named by Captain E. Michell Pierce, after Cannington in Somersetshire, England. This settlement is situated about ten miles north of the thriving town of Manor. It was started in the spring of 1882. Captain Pierce erected a big house and taught young Englishmen the art of farming. The English settlers have since scattered, and their places have been filled principally by Canadians, who are engaged in mixed farming and are very successful in their operations.

SUCCESSFUL FARMERS.

We have only sufficient space at our command to briefly mention a few of the successful farmers of the district.

A. N. STINSON

DEALER IN

SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

STOVES, TINWARE, PAINTS AND OILS.



SOLE AGENT FOR THE

FAMOUS SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

NATIONAL CREAM SEPARATORS

RAYMOND SEWING MACHINES

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING

Agent for the Hamilton Provident Loan Co. of Toronto, and
Imperial Life Assurance Company.

MANOR, ASSINIBOIA.

The Moose Mountain Trading Co.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

WE carry a full assortment of
General Merchandise, including
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Crockery, China, Glassware,
Groceries, Hardware, Ogilvie's Flour
and Feed, Lumber and Building Ma-
terials.

GRIST MILL AND BRANCH STORE
AT CANNINGTON MANOR.

Manor, Assiniboia, Canada

E. N. MALTBY, Manager

Notary Public, Conveyancer, Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses, etc.

E. W. Fleming, Cannington Manor, has an 800 acre farm and 60 or 70 head of cattle and is prosperous; so is H. B. Brockman, with 1,280 acres of land and 100 head of cattle and 20 horses.

John Turton, a native of England, but who came here from Ontario, resides near Glen Adelaide Post Office, 18 miles north of Manor. He has a farm of 2,080 acres, 100 head of cattle and 30 or 40 horses. He is engaged in mixed farming and has a complete steam plowing outfit.

A. M. Hamilton is another of the successful settlers of this district who farms on a large scale.

Robert Montgomery, who resides a little south of Manor, came to the district in 1882 from Muskoka. He has a 640 acre farm, is engaged in mixed farming and is doing well. Wheat on this farm last season averaged 23 bushels to the acre, while oats averaged 50 bushels. Both cereals in former years gave a much heavier yield.

The farmers generally throughout

beginning of the present year. He now carries a full assortment of heavy and shelf hardware, is sole agent for Sherwin-Williams paint, National Cream Separators and Raymond Sewing Machines. He also handles furniture and does undertaking business, as well as loan and insurance business.

MOOSE MOUNTAIN TRADING CO.

The Moose Mountain Trading Co. was organized in the year 1884, and for a number of years carried on the business of general merchants and millers at Cannington Manor, handling about everything that was needed on the farm, ranch or home. The toot of the steam engine brought their head quarters to Manor three years ago, where they conduct a general store business and lumber yard. Mr. E. N. Maltby has been manager of the business for five years. In addition to which he represents fire and life insurance companies, loan companies, deals in real

Manor, he erected the first store there as an investment to rent. He also built a livery stable. Mr. Davis conducts a feed, sale and livery stable and has a good equipment of horses, single and double rigs, careful drivers and the usual paraphernalia for comfortable driving. He purposes erecting a substantial brick business block during the coming season, thus showing his continued faith in the prosperity of the town of Manor and district tributary thereto.

FACTS.

The soil around Manor is that famous black clay loam, already described in this issue.

Flax, when sown early enough on newly broken land, has been a paying crop. The old timers do not favor this crop.

Timber for building, fencing and fuel purposes is found in the Moose Mountains at a distance of about 20 miles.

Lumber is imported from Manitoba, Ontario and British Columbia. Bricks are imported from Manitoba, but will be manufactured in the district shortly. Building stones are obtained in the district. Lime is also manufactured with wood and straw as fuel.

HORSE RANCHING.

Horse ranching in Eastern Assiniboia seems to be a picnic, only needing a little care during the first winter when the colts are fed on oat sheaves, hay and possibly a little oats. When a year old they are turned out on the prairie and never see the inside of a stable again until they are brought in to work in harness. They find sufficient sustenance in the self-cured sweet and nutritious grasses of the prairie.

FACILITIES FOR HANDLING GRAIN.

There are three standard elevators at Manor, of a total capacity of 105,000 bushels. It is expected that one or two additional elevators will be erected during the coming season.

There is also a loading platform here, where farmers load their grain direct into the railway cars. Grain growers are thus independent of the local grain buyers, as they can do their own shipping when it suits them to do so.

Steamer "Sails" on Dry Land.

The Chicago Thresher World says: Mother Shipton made many remarkable prophecies, among which was one that horses without carriages should go, but we doubt if even Dame Shipton's imagination could picture a lake steamship making a trip overland. It is said that some of the Mississippi river boats



The Queen of Desserts

A ten-cent packet of Blue Ribbon Jelly Powder makes dessert for about six people—and pleases them all.

Flavored with Blue Ribbon Extracts—pure essence of fruit.

Save your Blue Ribbon Coupons and write for free Premium List, profusely illustrated, to

Blue Ribbon Mfg. Co., Home Dept.
WINNIPEG

The Moose Mountain STAR

The pioneer newspaper in Moose Mountain District—published in Arcola. It has the largest circulation of any paper in Southern Assiniboia.

**\$1.00
Per Annum.**

A. D. McLEOD, Proprietor and Editor.

ARCOLA - ASSA.



MR. AND MRS. A. N. STINSON, PIONEERS OF MANOR, ASSA.

the districts tributary to Arcola, Carlyle and Manor are in a flourishing condition. They have good horses, cattle, and all the modern machinery necessary to till the soil with both profit and comfort. In a district 85 miles long by 40 miles wide the writer did not encounter one settler who was dissatisfied with the country. Even young Englishmen who had left comfortable homes in the populous city of London, England, within the past nine months, and were roughing it with a vengeance, were happy, cheerful and determined to learn farming and become prosperous settlers in the great west.

EDUCATION AND RELIGION.

There is a neat little frame school house at Manor. Miss Henderson is the principal. Rev. A. W. K. Herdman conducts the Presbyterian church services in the school house. A Presbyterian church will be erected this season. Rev. H. R. Bessie conducts Methodist church services also in the school house. The Methodists have secured three lots and will no doubt erect a building soon. Mr. Bessie has also charge of the Glen Adelaide, Sutherland and Cannington Manor fields. There are neat churches at the two points first-named.

ROLLING PRAIRIE.

The general aspect of the country is rolling prairie, interspersed with an occasional bluff of poplar and sloughs or ponds. The edges of the sloughs provide tender grass for the cattle in the spring, and after the operation of the water by the powerful rays of the summer sun, a good crop of hay is obtained to feed the cattle during the winter months.

PROMINENT MERCHANTS.

A. N. STINSON, HARDWARE.

Mr. Stinson came to the townsite of Manor in April, 1900, before the completion of the railway, and was among the first to erect a building in the place, which he used as a hardware store. He also opened a lumber yard and implement warehouse. These two lines he disposed of at the

estate and handles real estate on commission. He has at the present time a list of good farm lands at from \$8 to \$15 per acre, according to location and improvements, and on easy terms. He is also notary public, conveyancer, registrar of births, marriages and deaths, official auditor and issuer of marriage licenses. Mr. Maltby came to the district from Sussex, England, in the year 1887.

WIGGINS & DICKIN, REAL ESTATE, LIVERY STABLES.

The livery stables of Wiggins & Dickin, at Manor, are one of the finest in Western Canada. Solidly and permanently constructed of native stone and equipped with the best horses, single and double rigs, accompanied by all the accoutrements that go to make driving through the prairie in summer or winter a luxury. They attend promptly to telegraphic or mail orders and employ only the most experienced and careful drivers. The firm also conduct a real estate business and have at the present time a large list of wild and improved lands for sale in the district.

R. H. WIGGINS.

Mr. Wiggins, who now resides in the town of Manor, has a farm of 640 acres 2½ miles south of Manor. The farm is now rented. Mr. Wiggins came to the district in the year 1883 with his father from near Wingham, Ontario. He was engaged in mixed farming on his own account for a number of years very successfully. He made a hobby of raising horses and trading them and conducted the business with profit. The yield of wheat last year on the Wiggins' farm was 28 bushels to the acre. One field of 45 acres gave an average yield of 36 bushels to the acre.

W. G. DAVIS, LIVERY.

Mr. Davis is a native of Ontario, and came to the district in 1897. He carried on the business of farming very successfully for a number of years. During the construction of the railway he contracted for hauling supplies and other work. Foreseeing the possibility of a thriving town at



can run in a heavy dew, but this does not equal a lake boat making an eight-mile trip on dry land.

The conditions under which this latter marvellous feat was accomplished were as follows:

Last summer John Beck, who runs a resort near Aldena, purchased the steamer Josie for use on Long Lake at his resort. The steamer was lying in Thunder Bay river, a distance of eight miles away, between which and Long Lake there was no water connection. He decided to take the steamer overland

power was hitched ahead of the 25-horse engine, and the two engines pulled the ship a distance of eight miles. The trip consumed 18 hours and the ship was delivered without even opening a seam. Sixteen culverts and bridges had to be planked en route, which alone consumed five or six hours. Thousands of people witnessed the trip and none of them thought at the beginning that the engine could even move the ship. Everyone who witnessed this marvellous trip declares that it is the most wonderful feat of pulling ever known.

The Home

That's Ol' Dad.

Sittin' by the kitchen stove,
Smokin' of his pipe;
Hair is gittin' purty gray—
Shows his brains are ripe;
Hummin' an ol'-fashioned tune,
Doesn't sound so bad,
Takes the world just as it comes—
That's Ol' Dad.

Thinkin' of his boyhood days,
Runnin' 'way from school;
An' he's swimmin' once again
In the same ol' pool.
Things ain't like they used to be—
But they ain't so bad;
Waste no time in worryin'
Says my Ol' Dad.

Once again he courts a maid—
Eyes of roguish blue,
An' he's askin' for her hand;
Says that he'll be true—
Now he's stealin' one sweet kiss,
Lips without a flaw,
An' the girl don't care one bit—
That's My Maw.

Woman's Morning Jacket.

Morning jackets share the general tendency toward broad-shouldered effects, and are shown with a variety of charming little capes. This one is eminently dainty and peculiarly well suited to the many women who find comfort in an open neck. The model is



made of ring-dotted blue and white dimity with the cape of white batiste piped with blue, but it is suited to the many washable fabrics of the season, and also to wools and wash silks.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21 inches wide, 3½ yards 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 32 inches wide, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yards in any width for yoke-cape.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure.

**COSTS NOTHING
IF IT FAILS.**

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer. For years I searched everywhere to find a specific for Rheumatism. For nearly 20 years I worked to this end. At last, in Germany, my search was rewarded. I found a costly chemical that did not disappoint me as other Rheumatic prescriptions had disappointed physicians everywhere.

I do not mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure can turn bony joints into flesh again. That is impossible. But it will drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of Rheumatism. I know this so well that I will furnish for a full month my Rheumatic Cure on trial. I cannot cure all cases within a month. It would be unreasonable to expect that. But most cases will yield within 30 days. This trial treatment will convince you that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure is a power against Rheumatism—a potent force against disease that is irresistible.

My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience—of actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange with a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.50. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 98, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases not chronic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

For the Complexion.

Don't eat when very tired, if you expect to get any good from your food and preserve your beauty.

Don't eat more than one hearty meal a day. This is the secret of good looks, health and long life—a secret which, if everyone followed, the doctors could not make a living.

Don't eat much meat in hot weather if you would keep your skin free from eruptions.

Don't eat hot or fresh bread if you want to be healthy and beautiful.

Don't eat cold, starchy foods, like potato salad and cold porridge, unless you have strong digestive organs.

Don't eat ice cream too fast. Eaten slowly and allowed to melt in the mouth it can do no harm.

Don't drink iced water. Cool water quenches thirst much better than ice-cold fluid.

Don't drink much water at meals, but take a glassful the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Don't drink too much coffee or tea

unless you want a complexion like leather in color and texture.

Don't go to bed hungry. A glass of milk or a cup of chocolate will refresh you.

Don't think you can eat too much spinach, lettuce, watercress, dandelion and carrots. They are complexion beautifiers.

TO PROCURE THE BEST

AND **BUY** AT RIGHT PRICES CAN READILY BE DONE BY

INVESTING IN **EWING'S** THOROUGHLY RELIABLE

The Best that Grow. SELECTED FARM AND GARDEN **SEEDS**

A TRIAL IS ALL WE ASK. PERFECT SATISFACTION ASSURED.

It only costs you 1c. to send us postal card with your name and address and the addresses of any of your neighbors who use seeds and we shall be pleased to send you our *Illustrated 1904 Seed Catalogue*. Kindly remember Manitoba is as easily reached by mail as Quebec—takes a little longer, but gets there just the same.

WM. EWING & CO., (Dept. E) Seed Merchants, 142-146 McGill St., MONTREAL

READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR

GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

I AM A MAN ONCE MORE



Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt, with Free Electric Attachment for Weak People, Has Restored His Lost Strength.

This is the way they feel, the men who had given up hope, who thought there was no cure for them until they came upon Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Now they are full of life, overflowing with joyous spirits, and "care to the winds." Pains are gone, weakness is gone, and full vigor is in every action.

Do you want to feel like that? Then wear this grand, life-giving appliance for two months at night. It will charge every nerve with electric life and you will feel like a two-year-old. It puts steam into your run-down body and drives away pain and renews youth.

Free From Troubles—A Man Among Men.

Dr. McLaughlin—My Dear Sir: I am proud to be able to tell you that your Belt has made a new man of me. Instead of worrying as I used to, I let the other fellows do it now. I gained ten pounds in weight in less than two months. I always feel cheerful, never borrowing trouble as I used to. It's a pleasure to live now, as nothing discourages me. Wishing you every success with your grand appliance, I remain, yours very truly, D. MORRISON, Brookville, Ont.
Dec. 10, 1903.

If you have pains in your back, if you feel tired and listless, if you are nervous and weak, if you are growing old too soon, if you have lost vigor and courage of youth, if you have Rheumatism, a Weak Stomach or any evidence of breaking down, you are wasting time. Get Dr. McLaughlin's Belt with free Electric Attachment

GET SOME LIFE INTO YOU.

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden man? Feel like a man of spirit. Away with the pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were seventy years old and had one foot in the grave. Ginger up! Feel young and full of glee. That's the way a man ought to feel. Come and let me put life into your nerves; let me give a new supply of youthful energy. Let me make you feel like throwing your chest out your head up and saying to yourself "I'M A MAN!" Let me give you back the old feeling of youthful fire, vim and courage. I can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt as slow and poky as you do.

If you haven't confidence in electricity let me treat you at my risk. I will give you the Belt on trial, without one cent of risk to yourself. Give me reasonable security and I will take your case and you can

PAY WHEN CURED.

FREE BOOK. I have a book which every man should read. It contains hundreds of letters from men all over Canada telling of how they have been cured when hope was lost and all other treatments failed to give the desired relief. If you cannot call write to me for a copy of this valuable book, setting forth the key to strength and manhood. Call or write to-day.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.



PREMIER ROBLIN DEFENDING THE BUDGET.

The Mistake of Getting Old.

Simpkinson had seated himself in the barber's chair and fallen into a fit of abstraction. While the lather was brushed over his face he had a sense of creature comfort, but nothing more. When the barber began to run the sharp razor over his skin, rub him with witch hazel, and finally lay the dry towel over his face and pat it softly, Simpkinson was conscious of a right-



REV. DR. DUVAL RIDDING THE CITY OF VICE.

eous sense of respectability. But even then his thoughts went sounding on their dim and hidden way over the problems how he was to get enough money together by to-morrow morning to cancel a note at the bank, pay off his hands at the mill, get Mary a new bonnet, and send a cheque for a hundred dollars for Bill's tuition at college.



C. N. BELL DOING THE TRANSPORTATION STUNT.

These were hard problems, and they made him knit his already corrugated brow.

Just as he was in the deepest part of the business, and had heaved an unconscious sigh, the barber stepped on the lever and gave the chair an upward tilt. Simpkinson rose with it, and, in the most absent-minded way in the world, looked straight ahead of him. His eye caught sight of a man, not very far away, who attracted his attention curiously, and, after bestowing



upon him a quick and searching glance he said to himself, "There's a fellow who is beginning to show wear and tear, and if he don't look out he'll be an old man directly."

And then, with a lightning-like flash, he recognized in that wayworn-looking wretch his very own self, William Simpkinson!

The shock it gave him almost took his breath away. He muttered a queer word, and then began to lay the blame on the mirror. He had just opened his mouth to say to the barber, "I'd think that a fellow who was doing the

he withheld from the barber he uttered to himself: "I'd think a man would know more than to throw his business away, as this old fool does, by such talk as that. Just because he's getting old himself he wants everyone else to be. Nice kind of an envious spirit!"

But the experience "struck in," and, when he got out of the chair, he stepped up to the glass and took a good look. While the boy dusted his clothes he stood up straight as an Indian, and when he went out into the street



W. R. MULOCK IN HIS ACT OF "THE STOPPER ON THE BOTTLE."

he stepped off so briskly that, from a rear view, you would have thought that he was just home from his freshman year in college, instead of getting ready to go back to his twenty-fifth reunion.

But the first thing he did when he reached home was to let himself in slyly by his night key and go upstairs to his shaving mirror. Standing in front of it, he first assumed all sorts of expressions, and then after a while, tired of deceiving himself, he just let go of his countenance as the sailors do of the ropes of a sail and his feat-



J. P. ROBERTSON PRACTISING THE "IN TURN" FOR THE BONSPIEL.



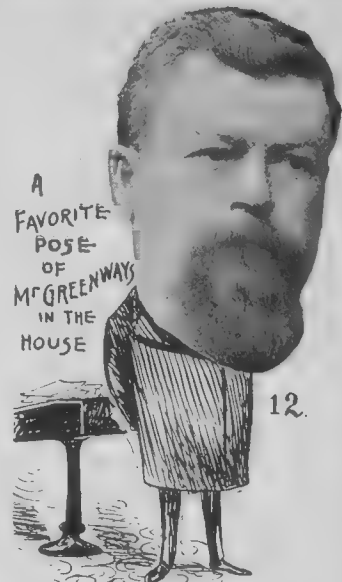
D. W. BOLE ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION WITH THANKS.

business you are would have a better mirror than that," when the barber spoke first: "Hair's getting a little bit grey, Mr. Simpkinson. I can remember when it was as black as a raven's wing. Been shaving you and cutting your hair for something like twenty years and more—haven't I? We're getting old, and no mistake."

Mad! Well, Simpkinson was, mad, and no mistake. But he bit his lip and kept still, although it cost him the greatest effort of his life. But what

ures dropped into their habitual expression of seriousness and care.

"No use; I'm getting old," he said to himself with a pathetic sigh, and then sat down for a few moments' quiet reflection. After a little while he rose, took another look in the glass, and said, as he set his lips, "There's a lot of work in the old man yet. I'm going through to the end and I am not going to get melancholy about it either. I have got to get old, but I don't need to get sour. There are



HON. MR. GREENWAY CRITICISING THE GOVERNMENT.

Mary and the youngsters to be looked out for. I mustn't darken their lives."

When he went down to supper he looked so big and strong and fine that Mary fairly blushed, and, when he put his arm around her and walked into the sitting room, she said, "Tom, I never saw you look so handsome in my life."

"You don't tell me! Why, it wasn't more than an hour ago that the bar-



COLLECTOR SCOTT'S REVENUE IS GOING UP, UP."

ber took my breath away by telling me that I was getting old."

"Old? The dunce! I would like to have him say that to me. You don't look a day older than you did when I married you."

And then the children heard a queer sound in the hall and the whole band ran out there, shouting, "We caught you! we caught you!"—Dr. C. F. Goss in S. S. Times.



WINNIPEG'S CHIEF OF POLICE SINGS THE SOLO, "I GATHER THEM IN."

Human Bloodhounds.

When a man commits a crime in Australia he knows that his chances for escape are hopeless, if a "tracker" is put upon his trail within 24 hours thereafter. A tracker is a native black man, one of a tribe endowed with a marvellous instinct which enables them to run down to his place any criminal fleeing from justice. These men are literally known as bloodhounds and their strange power is possessed by no other race of people in the world.

Once given the scent a tracker will pursue and discover his game with never failing success, unless the criminal has had sufficient start to enable him to put to sea, in which case the black man can only follow him to the water's edge.

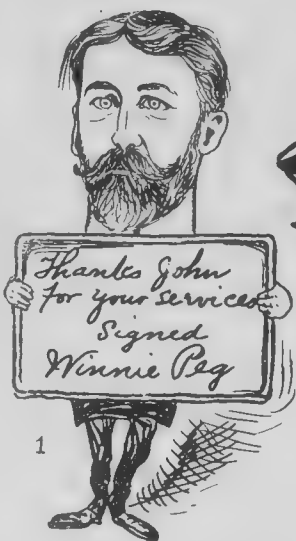
The most expert trackers are found in the State of Queensland, near the borders of New South Wales. They are animated by no feeling of vengeance toward their quarry, and will travel faithfully for any number of miles, intent upon their task and unmindful of any obstacles or danger, seeming to take delight in the accomplishment of their object and asking a reward ridiculously out of proportion to their labor—a few shillings, some tobacco or geegaws sufficing them. Of the value of money they have no conception. Rum is their weakness. They are submissive, courageous and alert. Their knowledge of English is very imperfect, a few broken words, signs and gestures conveying their meaning.

My first man hunt, says a detective, was with Charlie, a splendid specimen of aboriginal symmetry and muscular development. His eyes were large, black and dreamy, but brilliant when aroused to the business of tracking. I had business that took me to the Queensland border, en route through the Nightcap Mountains, and was looking forward with little pleasure to the loneliness of the trip, when I was overtaken by an officer and Charlie, like myself on horseback, the officer having some wrist jewellery and a warrant for the apprehension of a cattle stealer. The offender had two days' start of his pursuers, and was known to be a well seasoned bushman, who could resort to considerable cunning to elude capture, being thoroughly familiar with the methods of the trackers. This made the chase the more exciting.

Charlie struck the trail easily enough and ran along, never once raising his eyes off the ground, until after four hours scrambling through the underbush. On the first heat of the third day of the trail, we reached a river, Charlie crouching attentively along the ground until he came to the bank. There in the damp earth, two foot prints were plainly visible. Charlie leapt into the river and struck out for the opposite bank. The tide was rather strong and carried him down stream a bit, but he swam valiantly, while we sat tired, travel stained and hungry on the trunk of a fallen tree and watched his ebony wool bobbing along on the water. Emerging on the other side he ran tripping for 20 feet or so, following footsteps that again stopped at the water's edge. Here the tracker paused. He was plainly puzzled. What had become of the cattle thief? Had he re-crossed the river, or swam down as far as he could and landed on either bank, then struck into the woods again? Again sharply examining the ground and satisfying himself that the man had not remained on that side, Charlie swam back, landing a few yards below us. By his actions we saw that he had found the tracks again. The man had indeed re-crossed the river, but where had he gone after that? Suddenly Charlie commenced to brush aside the leaves and twigs along the edge of the bank, uncovering the space between him and us until he caught up with us.

"White fellow no can fool black fellow," he said, smiling, wet and breathless. Then we saw that the fugitive had carefully covered up his tracks while walking backward, and, strange to say, they terminated under the very tree where we were.

Apparently the hunt was at an end. Our game had vanished into space.



1
EX-MAYOR ARBUTHNOT
RETIRING FROM THE CIVIC
CHAIR.



2
MAYOR SHARPE PROVES A WORTHY
SUCCESSOR.

Charlie dashed into the thicket, and hastily secured a strong, pliable vine used by the natives in scaling tree trunks too smooth to climb. This he threw about the tree, enclosing his own body, and fastened it by wreathing it together, holding the ends with his hands. Working this hoop as a sort of lever, he began to scale the

Reaching down into the hollow of the half dead tree trunk the tracker seized something, at the same time shouting to the officer below. Out of the opening appeared a man's head and a more miserable looking object I had never seen. He was tousled, dirty, gaunt, half-starved. Charlie's skill at ring-tailed possum hunting helped him



3
WINNIPEG'S FIRE CHIEF STRIKING A
GAIT UP MAIN STREET.



4
W. F. MCCREARY, M.P., APPEARS
ONCE MORE BEFORE THE
SELKIRK ELECTORATE.

tree. We looked on in astonishment. Not a human being was in sight above ground. Up went the black until 30 feet in the air. Here we noted that the main trunk of the tree had been broken off years before, forming a crotch for the new branches that had sprung out on either side. Then a most astonishing thing happened.

out, for very often when a native has killed his game with a boomerang the animal is caught in a tree and the hunter has to climb for it in the manner described.

Charlie got us safely back to the cabin. The cattle thief of course paid the penalty of his crime. He said that knowing a tracker would be put upon



5
W. SANFORD EVANS CONSIDERING THE
GREAT HONOR OF HIS NOMINATION.



6
BANDMASTER JOHNSTON OF THE
90TH IN A FAVORITE POSE.

his trail, he had hoped to give him the impression that he had drowned while swimming the river.

The Little Encyclopedia.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that comparatively brief period 400,000 miles have been constructed.

The largest Bible in the world is the Buddhist tripitaka, or "Three Baskets," which comprises 325 volumes and weighs 1,625 pounds.

Greek and Roman doors always opened outward, and, when a man was passing out of the house he knocked on the door, so as not to open it in the face of a passer-by.

As far as calculation can decide, the temperature of comets is believed to be 2,000 times fiercer than that of a red-hot iron.

A clever Parisian has invented a machine which can split one human hair lengthwise into 36 strips.

The various countries of the world now use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

Most of the shoes worn in Japan are made of straw or wood. In the entire country there is but one factory, where leather shoes are made.

The maximum age assigned to the pine is said to be 700 years, to the red beech 245, to the oak 410, and to the ash 145 years.

Glanquets took their name from one Theodore Glanquet, who established the first manufactory for this comfortable article at Bristol, about the year 1340.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.

The lowest temperature ever recorded was on December 30, 1871, by Professor Gorocho, at Werchojansk, Siberia, 81 degrees below zero.

A steel plate, said to be the longest ever made, has just been turned out by a Stockton, England, iron company. It measures, after shearing, 76 feet, 8 inches by 5 feet by 6-10 inches in thickness, weighs five and a half tons and is without a flaw.

Eighty-five per cent of the people who are lame are afflicted on the left side.

The British Isles comprise no fewer than one thousand separate islands and islets, without counting mere jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway, and Finland, and they are often found to be excellent mariners.

The Thames of England is 220 miles long. The river of the same name in Canada is 160.

Glass houses of a very substantial kind can now be built. Silesian glassmakers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes, claiming for them such advantages as variety of shape, free transmission of light, strength, cheapness and general adaptability. When complete diffusion of light is needed, as in factories, conservatories, courtyards, etc., they are especially suitable.

In the ninth century they began to shoe horses, but strange to say, only in time of frost. King William I. introduced horseshoeing into England and six horseshoes are on the coat of arms of the man to whom William gave vast estates for caring for his horses in this way.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.—Stanislaus.

Example is the school of mankind; they will learn at no other.—Burke.

In Montreal a bride appeared lately at the altar with her pet canary fastened to her shoulder by a golden chain. During the marriage ceremony the bird broke into song.

The penalty among the Hottentots for widows who marry again is a somewhat severe one. It is the rule among these people that, before so marrying, a widow must cut off the joint of a finger and present it to her new husband on the wedding day.

Navigability of British Northwest Waters

By Wm. Gomes Fonseca, Winnipeg.



I have seen in the Winnipeg (Man.) Free Press a report of a discussion by the members of the London Chamber of Commerce, dated London, Jan. 18th, 1897, during which Hon. R. R. Dobell, who presided, read a letter from Hon. W. Laurier, explaining that the Dominion government had asked the co-operation of the Imperial Government in making a survey of the Hudson's Bay route, coast, etc., and that the right Hon. G. J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, had replied that for steam navigation he regarded the route impracticable, and that the Imperial government must therefore decline to co-operate with Canada. Mr. Dobell and others agreed with Mr. Goschen that the route was impracticable for steamers.

Having lived in this region, now the Province of Manitoba, and the Northwest Territories for the last thirty-seven years, I thought it would not be considered out of place if I respectfully invited the attention of his lordship to certain facts relating to this very vital subject, the navigability of Hudson's Strait and Bay. Occupying the very important position as First Lord of the Admiralty, his lordship's opinions, whether right or wrong, must have a telling effect on matters of navigation. His lordship has pronounced against the navigability of Hudson Bay, if the above report be correct.

Upon what data his lordship's opinions are based, is indeed of the deepest interest to the Province of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, especially so as it is represented not feasible for steam-propelled vessels. We have been all along educated since steam has been applied as a power, and now electricity, to look with awe and wonderment on the mighty achievements already accomplished by these forces on land and sea. I may well ask his lordship whether there is any comparison between the navy of Queen Elizabeth's time and long after, and the condition of Her Majesty's splendid and powerful navy of today? Into how many bays, streams and waters have the ships of modern construction entered, which were not attempted by the clumsy vessels of long ago?

Men are living who well remember that the navigation of the gulf and river of St. Lawrence was looked upon as his lordship looks upon the passage of Hudson's Strait and Bay—as impracticable, but what are the facts of today? Both are traversed as mercantile highways between Montreal and Europe, the dreaded passage between the Labrador Coast and Newfoundland (the Straits of Belle Isle) being no more a deterrent.

The Great Architect created all things with design and for economical purposes, which in turn serve the requirements of population; therefore the Hudson Bay—a vast inland sea 1,000 by 900 miles in extent, formed by an arm of the Atlantic thrust far into the bosom of British North America—must have its uses. The time has now arrived to make it subservient as a mercantile highway.

As far back as August 17, 1782, the French frigates, Ceptre, 74 guns, As-tarte and the Engaycanti, 36 guns, commanded by La Perouse, unwieldy vessels subject to wind and tide, successfully passed through the straits, sailed far north into the bay, demolished Fort Prince of Wales (Churchill), and thence, southward, captured Fort York and sailed out without hindrance or harm. There were several naval encounters prior to the above date between English and French in the straits and bay. In connection with

the fact of the navigability of this inland sea, I subjoin the following data:

Hudson navigated the strait and bay June 4, 1610; Button navigated them in July, 1612; Bylott navigated them May 27, 1615; and May 4, 1616; Fox navigated them June 22, 1631 (left Oct. 1); James navigated them in 1631 (left last of August); William navigated them August 19, 1668; the Hudson's Bay Company navigated them Sept. 20, 1811, taking the first of Lord Selkirk's settlers to York Factory, and Chappell navigated the bay in 1814, leaving Oct. 6. The Hudson's Bay Company's ships traversed these waters for many years, bringing in supplies and carrying out furs, etc., without wreck or disaster.

According to the above dates, it will be seen that that northern gateway to the future Western Empire was successfully navigated for six consecutive months by sailing tubs, long out of date. American whaling vessels have made these waters their poaching grounds. Here they rendezvous and sail in and out year by year, but we hear of no disaster.

Doctor Nansen, with his small steamship, accomplished the feat of penetrating through ice packs not to be encountered by any ship carrying trade between York Factory and Liverpool or Churchill. Admiral Markham reported the navigability of those waters for commercial purposes beyond a doubt. His was an unbiased declaration. Doctor Bell testifies that the bay is open for navigation the year round.

Trade gravitates toward and forces itself through the shortest way from point to point; this is an inexorable mercantile law, which no power can eventually frustrate. The battles waged between railway corporations are for mastery in this respect.

The ocean outlet of 480,000 square miles, being the Nelson drainage area, has certainly been fixed by nature to be via York Factory, just as the ocean outlet of 510,000 square miles of territory, comprising the St. Lawrence drainage area, has been fixed by nature to be via Montreal and Quebec. From York Factory to Liverpool is practically as short as from Montreal to Liverpool, while the overland distance from the western wheat fields to York Factory is considerably less than from them to Montreal.

Winnipeg via Montreal to Liverpool is 4,228 miles distant; Winnipeg via Hudson's Bay to Liverpool is 3,626 miles distant, a saving on the total distance of 602 miles, and a saving on the railway haul of 760 miles.

Portage la Prairie via Montreal to Liverpool is 4,280 miles; Portage la Prairie via Hudson's Bay to Liverpool is 3,516 miles, a saving on the total haul of 764 miles, and a saving on the railway haul of 872 miles.

Regina via Montreal to Liverpool is 4,584 miles; Regina via Hudson's Bay to Liverpool is 3,926 miles, a saving on the total distance of 658 miles, and a saving on the railway haul of 316 miles.

Prince Albert via Montreal to Liverpool is 4,834 miles; Prince Albert via Hudson's Bay to Liverpool is 3,616 miles, a saving on the total distance of 1,218 miles, and a saving on the railway haul of 1,316 miles.

These figures can be verified by anyone interested in gaining information on this important subject, as they are significant.

It is the overland haul that is so oppressive to the producer. A still further reduction can be made as to cost of transportation from Winnipeg to York Factory by utilizing our splendid system of waterways, and by improving the channels of the Hays and Nelson rivers. By constructing canals, ocean steamers can be brought to the outlet of the Red River, which is about forty

miles from Winnipeg; and with the improvement of the St. Andrews Rapids, situated twelve miles from the city, which the Dominion government is now taking preliminary steps to do, vessels of considerable tonnage will be able to reach Winnipeg. There are fewer and less serious obstacles in this system to be overcome than were encountered in connection with the St. Lawrence route from Chicago. The total distance to be improved by canalizing and removing boulders between Winnipeg and York Factory by the Hays River is but 51 miles.

A very startling fact revealed in studying the possibilities relating to this all important subject, is that the outlet to the best markets of the world, by Hudson's Bay, are opened to the wheat producing areas of several of the Western States. It is shorter and therefore cheaper, vide the following statement of distances:

From New York to Liverpool is 3,130 miles; from York Factory to Liverpool is 2,966 miles; in favor of York Factory 64 miles.

From Chicago to Liverpool, via New York, is 4,001 miles; from Winnipeg to Liverpool, via York Factory, is 3,626 miles; in favor of Winnipeg, 375 miles.

From St. Paul, via New York to Liverpool, is 4,140 miles; from St. Paul via York Factory to Liverpool, is 4,096 miles; in favor of Winnipeg, 44 miles.

As far east, therefore, as St. Paul, is clearly tributary to this northern route. The advantage is well known to the people of the Western States. Their leading papers have from time to time commented on the saving the Hudson's Bay route offers to the farmers of North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana. It is calculated that our farmers would save at least 15 cents per bushel on cereals, and a considerable saving of freight on shipments of cattle, meats, etc., for which this cool route is well adapted. There can be no doubt that, with railroad or canal facilities, we will share with Castle Garden a very large proportion of European immigration, making Winnipeg a depot and distributing point, which, from her strategic position, she is at the present time for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

I desire to demonstrate from the past what shall certainly be realized in the near future. Already gigantic strides of abnormal progress have been achieved in only a quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago ten thousand acres or less were indifferently farmed. In 1883 a wheat acreage of 260,840 yielded 5,686,355 bushels of wheat, etc. In 1895 22,000 farmers raised, on 1,140,276 acres, 31,-

776,038 bushels of wheat, with oats, barley and flax, a total of 60,000,000 bushels. It must be remembered, too, that our wheat has become a necessity to millers at home and in Europe, for which the highest market price is given. Our wheat is second to none and is the choicest of the choice. During this period the population has increased from 10,400 to 200,000. When we take into consideration that this great stretch of the richest soil under the heavens, with a most salubrious climate, comprising Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, have immunity from the violent commotions of nature, such as earthquakes, cyclones, floods, and is not the habitat of plagues and epidemics; that life and property are not endangered by riot and massacre, we must admit that here is the haven of safety, plenty and peace for the overflowing population of Europe.

This route, opened either by railroad or canal, or by both, would prove of incalculable advantage to the Imperial government in the transmission of men and munitions of war in case of necessity to the Pacific Coast, being expeditious, safe and economical.

In the event of a European war, in which Great Britain might be engaged, she could rely for her supply of bread, meat, vegetables, butter and cheese upon these regions, and be independent of all the world besides. To my mind the time has not yet arrived when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks; at present the reverse seems to be in progress; war is not only possible but probable. The acceleration of events, push and enterprise will naturally accomplish more in five or ten years than were experienced in the last 25 years: so that taking the results of 1895 and 1896, accomplished by 22,000 farmers, we may confidently lay the proposition down that the increased acreage by these farmers, and thousands of others, will produce under ordinary circumstances a surplus of cereals, cattle, roots, poultry, wool, etc., which no single railroad could possibly handle. Added to this natural increase, the surpluses of the Western States, seeking an outlet via Winnipeg, would give either railroad or canal, or both, all they could do. The opening of the Hudson's Bay route would in nowise injure the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This forecast of coming events is based upon the experience of the past, and in hope that the Hon. Mr. Goschen may yet see his way to aid and further the effort of the Dominion Government to establish to the world the navigability of Hudson's Strait and Bay.—(Reprinted from the Northwest Magazine, Jan. 1893.)

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To anyone who will prove we do not do as we advertise. We want to have our marvelous household remedies used by every family in America, and we intend to give away at least 25,000 DINNER SETS in order to do this. Do you want one? Please note the only conditions: Send us your name and address and we will send you eight boxes of our remedies, sell each box at 25c, and return us ONLY \$1.00 of the \$2.00 received for the sale of our medicine. This \$1.00 is to show your good faith and that you really want the dishes. The second dollar you send us ONLY after you receive the dishes and have actually used them, and are entirely satisfied that they are equal to any \$10.00 set you can purchase in the country. We trust you with the dishes and also with \$1.00 received for our medicine. We do this because you may have been fooled by some fake concern; and we want you to thoroughly appreciate our honesty. The dinner set consists of 50 pieces, and is FULL size for family use; including soup plates, dinner, tea, and bread plates; cups and saucers, cover dishes, coffee, pot, butter and milk pitcher.

COLONIAL MEDICINE COMPANY, No. 71 BROADWAY, DEPT. 110, NEW YORK.

Will Chester's Campaign

By "Contributor."



WHEN Will Chester first came to R— in Manitoba he was inclined to ridicule the quiet little town, which seemed so different from big noisy Toronto, whence he had come from.

He soon saw, however, that the town was not nearly so sleepy as it had first appeared. The people wore that sharp, alert look which always characterizes the Western farmer and he soon began to understand them better and to appreciate their dry humor and often witty repartees.

The buildings were mostly of wood. Nearly all, in fact, except the school, had been built of that material. The school was built of stone and was veneered with brick and had an imposing appearance from the clean basement windows down to the Union Jack which on holidays fluttered proudly from the flagstaff on the top of the belfry. The school had cost ten thousand dollars and was the pride of the town.

One day about half past three Will went over to the school to have a look around. He viewed the well kept turf with expectant complacency.

"What a jolly place to play on," he remarked aloud. "don't see a diamond worked out, but as I live there is a cricket set over there! I say, though they have not used much thought in placing the wickets, I—"

"What do you say, my fine fellow?" asked a sneering voice behind him.

Will flushed and looked around in surprise. The school had been let out and a score of boys had approached, unnoticed to have a game before going home. A boy about Will's size and figure with a bold swaggering air had asked the question.

Will drew himself up.

"I was just remarking," said he, "that these wickets were in a wrong position. They should face east and west, so as not to be facing the sun."

"And what if we were playing in the morning or evening, where would the sun be then, eh?" asked Bob Thorne, the leader of the boys.

"I was not aware that you were so enthusiastic over cricket that you got up at sunrise to play it. If you do, I've nothing more to say."

This sally created a roar of laughter and Bob, seeing that he was getting the worst of the argument, said no more.

"I say, are we going to have a game or not," asked one of the boys.

"Of course," answered Bob Thorne, "You and Tom Heaton choose up. Heads or tails?" and Bob flipped up a coin.

"Take your choice, Fred," said Tom.

"Heads," replied Fred.

A rush was made for the coin, which had fallen a few yards off on the grass.

"Tails it is! Who do you take, Tom?"

"I'll take Bob Thorne," answered Tom, and Bob took his place at his side with a smile that he should be chosen first. This was proof that he was the best player. The choosing went on and at the end Fred said:

"We are a man short, Tom. Where is Jack Smith?"

"Gone home."

"Then what are we to do? We—I say, there," noticing Will, "can you play cricket?"

"I have played a little," answered Will, modestly, not saying that he was the captain of a city eleven and was the best player in the team.

"Then take off your coat and come on," said Fred. "It's already a quarter past four." Will did as he was bidden and went over to the wickets. Their side had innings, so he sat down.

The game commenced. The bowling was fair, but the batting was not extra. Will knew he could beat anyone there at each, after he had seen an exhibition of their skill.

The side made one hundred and five runs before Will came to bat. Will walked easily up to the wicket and took his position.

"Watch me fetch down his wicket at the first ball, Tom," said Bob, as he swung his arm over and sent the ball twisting toward the wicket.

It was, however, not cleverly bowled. It was sent with more force than skill, and Bob heard a sharp click and when he looked he saw the centre fielder running away from the wickets.

"Well hit!" "Bravo!" "I say, he is a batter and no mistake!" "Wasn't that done in nice style!" "Hit for a first!"

These and other exclamations told how Will's unexpected display had astonished his fellow-players. He was making a reputation for himself, to be sure.

Will and Fred brought the score up to one hundred and eighty and the excitement was intense.

Bob had the ball and looked as if he was going to end the game right away, but he failed to do so until the score was brought up to two hundred runs, when Fred sent a fly which was caught and closed the innings. Ninety-five runs had been made by two boys! Never before in the annals of the eleven had such a thing happened and Bob Thorne had never made near the score Will had made. He was roaring angry. That a city fellow should conquer him in this style was too much. He gritted his teeth fervently as two of his side went to bat and vowed to redeem himself if possible.

Tom Heaton's side made one hundred and sixty runs with nine out and then the score-keeper called out.

"Bob Thorne to bat!"

Just then Fred approached Will.

"I say," said he, "will you take my place and bowl for the rest of the innings. I've hurt my thumb and I can't bowl any more. I'll field in your place."

Will walked up to the wicket and took his place.

"All ready?"

"Yes."

"I say, Chester"—it was Heaton's voice that spoke—"take down that cat Thorne's wicket at the first chance. I heard him say he was going to equal your score if it killed him. Don't let him do it."

"I won't if I can help it," smiled Will. He began gradually and sent them in slowly. Gradually they got warmed up to the work, however, and the score was up to one hundred and ninety. The players could scarcely breathe.

"If I am not mistaken Chester is up to some dodge," mused Fred. "I can tell by his look."

He was right. Will had resolved to try a trick on Bob. While in Toronto he had learned a peculiar way to bowl. He could bowl slow twisters in the most confusing manner. The secret had been given to him by his cousin, a renowned cricketer from the Toronto University. He twisted his fingers around the ball and then sent it forward.

Bob saw it as it came twisting toward him and stepped confidently out to meet it. He swiped at it furiously, but the same instant his bails flew into the air. He threw down his bat and Fred Wilson's side had won the game!

Will was extremely popular after this exhibition of his skill and except by Bob Thorne was viewed with general good favor and voted a "jolly good fellow."

Bob Thorne it seemed could not forget that he had been beaten and did

not get over it for a long time. His position was, however, one to afford cause for resentment. He had held the supremacy for such a long time that to have a stranger step in and rob him of the position was really hard. After a while, however, he became reconciled to the inevitable and yielded the leadership to Will with as good grace as possible. After a time, too, he began to look upon Will with more favor and in time became as friendly as the other boys.



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The Country Store.

Far out beyond the city's lights,
Away from din and roar,
The cricket chirps of summer nights
Beneath the country store.
The dry goods boxes rickled around
Afford a welcome seat
For weary tillers of the ground
Who here of evenflights meet.

A swinging sign of ancient make
And one above the door
Proclaim that William Henry Blake
Is owner of the store.
Here everything, from jeans to tweed,
From silks to gingham bright,
Is spread before the folk who need
From early morn till night.

Tea, sugar, coffee (browned or green),
Molasses, grindstones, tar,
Suspenders, peanuts, navy beans
And homemade vinegar;
Fine combs, wash wringers, rakes, false hair,
Paints, rice and looking-glasses,
Sidesaddles, hominy, crockery ware
And seeds for garden grasses.

Lawn mowers, candles, books to read,
Corn planter, household goods,
Tobacco seed, salt, clover seed,
Horsewhips and knitted hoods,
Canned goods, shoeblackening, lime and nails,
Straw hats and carpet slippers,
Prunes, buttons, codfish, bridal veils,
Cranberries, clocks and clippers.

Umbrellas, candies, scythes and hats,
Caps, boots and shoes and bacon,
Thread, nutmegs, pins and rough-on-rats
For cash or produce taken.
Bird seed, face powder, matches, files,
Ink, onion sets and more
Are found in heaps and sacks and piles
Within the country store.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Tips.

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Love for your work will gauge your success.

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Merit is the best recommendation for any article.

Resolve to succeed—and then pitch in and work for success.

Fools and mules never change their minds—a wise business man will.

Theory is very nice—but practice often knocks it into smithereens.

Never indulge in extremes unless there is extreme reason for so doing.

Time will clear up many of your worries if you will only await its arrival.

If you have the courage with which to back your convictions you are all right unless your convictions are all wrong.

The Minister's Dog.

My father had a small and beautiful dog who rejoiced in the name of Fidelity. He differed from other good dogs only in being better than others, and in manifesting something that seemed like religious sensibility, or a peculiar attachment to religious places, people, and services. He attended family worship with a punctuality and regularity that other members of the household might well have imitated, and certainly did not surpass. If a stranger were present—and much company visited our house—the dog's attention to him was regulated by his taking the lead, or not, in the religious worship of the household. If the visitor at my father's request conducted the worship, the dog at once attached himself to his person, and when he departed the dog escorted him out of the village, sometimes going home with him to a neighboring town and making him a visit of a few days. If the visitor did not perform any religious services in the house the dog took no notice of him while there, and suffered him to depart unattended and evidently unregretted.

Such a dog was, of course, an habitual attendant on the public services of the church on the Sabbath. It required extraordinary care to keep him at home. Shut up in a room he dashed through a window, and was at church before the family. He was once shut up in an outhouse that had no floor. He dug out under the sill of the door and was at church before the first psalm. In church he occupied the upper step of the pulpit within which his master ministered. He lay quiet during the sermon unless other dogs below misbehaved, in which case he left his seat, and after quieting the disturbance, resumed it. He was equally devoted to the weekly prayer meeting which was held from house to house, the appointment being announced on the Sabbath. He remembered the evening and the place, and was always present. As it was not agreeable to have a dog at an evening meeting in a private house he was confined at home. The next week he went early, and before the family had thought to shut him up, and waited for the hour and the people. He knew the names of the families where the meetings were held and where they lived, and could have gone to any of them on an errand as easily and correctly as a child, and the only knowledge he had of the place of meeting he got as the others did, by hearing the notice on Sunday. These habits of the dog were not the fruit of education. On the contrary, pains were taken to prevent him from indulging his religious preferences. He did not manifest a fondness for other meetings or for any individuals out of the family circle, except those who were cognized by their habit of praying, as the people in whom he was specially interested.

My father was wont to relate many other anecdotes of this remarkable animal, and the relation of them always caused his eyes to fill with tears. He had a strong impression that there was something very mysterious about this propensity of the dog, and being himself a sternly orthodox divine he never ventured to express the opinion that the dog had moral perceptions—but I always thought he believed so.—Dumb Animals.

Cooking with sour cream is always a little "ticklish" because the cream varies so much in acidity. Half a level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of hot water to a cup of cream is a fair average allowance; if the cream is very sour increase the quantity of soda, and if very thick, the amount of water.

In making button holes it is a great help if a tiny strip of stiff white paper is cut just the least bit smaller than the buttonhole and placed through the hole so that the sewer has but one at a time to deal with. If the material be dark, it is a decided help in more clearly defining the edge and thus saving eyesight as well as preventing any catching of the threads on the other side of the opening.

Garden and Flowers

Only a Little Flower.

I am only a little flower,
Growing along the way,
Yet I gladden the hearts of the men of
toil

As they pass at the close of day.

I am only a little flower—
A daisy, growing wild,
Yet I may teach a beautiful thought
To some little wondering child.

I am only a little flower,
Giving all the joy I can;
Thus I fill a place in this beautiful
world,
As a part of God's great plan.

—Glen I. Keeney.

In the Woods Without a Gun.

I think the day will come—and it is not, perhaps, so distant as it seems—when the idea of killing anything for pleasure will seem so strange as to be scarcely credible. The Anglo-Saxon's proverbial pastime of going out and killing something will seem hardly less amazing than the gladiatorial shows.

Ah, yes to know all the birds of the wood—without a gun! With a gun, how can one know them, killing them instead of knowing them, what fascinating knowledge a man misses! A dead bird. A handful of blood-stained feathers! Little more than that! Carion for the sexton-beetle or for the feasting fly! But the living bird—what a vivid, mysterious creature it is, with its lovely bright eyes, and those sad vowels in its throat! It seems strange to think of what that little head knows, secrets of nature eternally hidden from us. Is not the bird itself one of nature's secrets?

The woodland, which to us is a wilderness, is to him a city, of which he knows all the streets and all the inhabitants. All the invisible highways of the air are to him like well-trodden paths, and, when he darts off in that apparently casual way, he very well knows whither he is going, and what business takes him. When he sits and whistles by the hour on some swaying pinnacle of the greenwood,

there is some meaning in it beyond music. That meaning will ever be hidden from us. If we could know it, as Tennyson said of the "flower in the crannied wall," we "should know what God and man are."

If, instead of shooting the bird, scotching the snake, smashing the beetle, and pinching the tiny life out of the butterfly, we were to watch any one of these creatures on a summer day, the day would pass like an hour, so packed with exciting experience it would seem.—Success.

A Tale of Three Toads.

A gentleman living in Denver has discovered that a toad may have as keen a sense of locality as a dog, or a cat. He has been much interested in bees, and has several hives near his house. Of late, however, his attention has been quite diverted from the bees to four good sized toads that have taken up their abode under one of the larger hives. By watching them closely he discovered that position was decidedly well taken. When the bees come in laden with honey they are apt to hit the hive and fall to the ground. Then Mr. Toad's active little tongue darts out and the dazed little bee meets an unexpected doom. This, of course, was very gratifying to the toad, but very hard on the bee. The gentlemen took

three of the toads, painted them a bright yellow, carried them three-quarters of a mile from the house and left them in the road. On the evening of the second day three rather weary, yellow-streaked toads resumed their positions under the hive, ready for the next day's slaughter. But their fine sense of location had to be sacrificed in the interest of the bee business—they were disposed of. But it is evident that a toad does his hopping in an intelligent manner.

Speech.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly
rough;

Look for the places that are smooth and
clear

And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God or man or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thought till faith shall
come;

No one will grieve because your lips are
dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never changing
tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.

You charm to interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make
them true.

The "Knack" Of It.

"Why is it that some persons can grow plants well under conditions where others would fail with them?" Because the persons who succeed have the "knack," which being interpreted, means that they study their plants and the conditions under which they must grow them, and adapt the means to the end. In other words, they do the various little things which modify existing conditions to such an extent that it practically amounts to overcoming them. The person who really loves flowers will work in all ways to make them comfortable. If this cannot be done in one way it possibly may in another, and the woman who sets about it with a will will find the way to accomplish her purpose. Sometimes so great are the difficulties overcome that it really seems as if the plants were loved into successful development. And, indeed, in one sense, they are. Without that love they would most certainly prove failures.—Home and Flowers.

A Wise Crow.

In a town in Indiana is a year-old crow, jet black, which has been raised in a family, and become quite human in many of its ways. It can speak a large number of words, and is very fond of the children. It follows them to school, and when they enter it will perch near the door, shouting after them the injunction, "Now be right good, and come home as soon as school is out." It does not follow its own advice always, but will sometimes linger around the school building, flying from window-sill to window-sill. At other times it will go home and play with the cat and the dog, and with the chickens. It knows every chicken, and is fond of frightening away strange chickens when they come near the house. At night it roosts with the chickens. Every Sunday it follows the children to Sunday School, and whenever it sees the master or mistress of the house it gives a pert greeting, "Hello, pa!" or "Hello, ma!"

The following recipe is claimed to give a cement which will endure both fire and water: Beat the whites of eggs well to a froth; let them settle; add grated or sliced cheese and quicklime. Work the compound up into a smooth paste; apply a little to the broken edges, and join them together.



A SWELL EQUIPMENT.



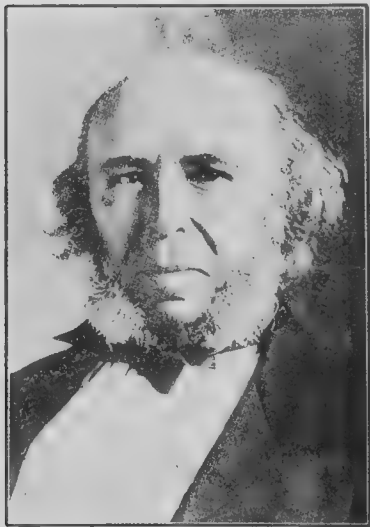
RESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



ARRIVAL OF DOG TRAINS AT THE HUDSON'S BAY CO.'S POST FROM THE FAR NORTH COUNTRY

Death of Herbert Spencer.

Early in December Herbert Spencer, one of the greatest thinkers of the Victorian age, passed away at the age of 83. He was born of distinguished parents who believed in each individual working his or her way. At 17 deceased worked for the London and Birmingham railroad as a civil engineer.



He assisted his father in philosophical experiments; and on his own account he began an enthusiastic study of the insect world, which resulted in a splendid collection of winged insects. The study of botany engaged no little of his time. He invented a new style of botanical press, and devised other improvements in botanical apparatus. His inventive faculties also found expression in the construction of printing presses and the making of type by compression of the metal instead of by casting. He was the inventor of the glyptograph style of engraving. In 1882 he visited America and delivered a remarkable address on relaxation. It was in this address that he divided social life into three stages—war, work and relaxation—and declared that men were overworking themselves absurdly. "We hear too

much of the gospel of work," he said. "It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation." He himself carried out his own theories of relaxation, working in late years only three hours a day.

What the world owes to him chiefly is the destruction of old prejudices and traditions, the forcing of educators to make allowances for youthful immaturity in the bringing up of children.

Herbert Spencer was an Englishman to the manner born—cold, self-contained, rather narrow in his point of view towards foreigners. He never deigned to learn a foreign language. He refused membership of all scientific academies. It is said that he was not much of a reader, although his works are erudite to a degree. Most of the facts presented were collected by assistants. His intensely British character caused him to become a most vigorous opponent of socialism. He looked upon mankind as the highest form of specialization in nature, and would hear nothing of restricting the liberty of the individual more than was absolutely necessary for the cohesion of society.

Bread Eighteen Hundred Years Old.

There is in the museum at Naples some old bread, which was baked in August, A.D. 79, in one of those curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii. More than eighteen centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the stalest bread in the world. In shape and size the loaves resemble the small cottage loaves of England, but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color, but they have become carbonized. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and with all probability were raised with leaven, as is most bread of the Oriental countries at the present time. The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything else in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under

ashes and fine cinders, called lava by the Italians. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell first upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over in some places to a depth of twenty feet. Other combustibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in this museum. There are various kinds of grains, fruits and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating, others whole. There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shrivelled; as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer juicy. But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honey-comb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out.

How to Look Well.

The art of looking well on a little so far as clothes go depends upon these three things—buying wisely, knowing one's style and taking care of what you have; and of these, each is equally important. In buying it is not enough that an article is pretty or stylish, but does it fit in with the rest of your wardrobe? If you have not a great deal of money for dress and your clothes must last you over another season, everything should be so chosen that it is a part of a harmonious whole—then you won't be wearing a green skirt and a blue jacket, or other bad combination. No two articles of your entire wardrobe should "swear at each other," as the French say. If you are careful about this you can dress better on fifty dollars a year than your neighbor, who buys thoughtlessly, can look on five hundred. Good taste makes the difference. The most economical dressing is done by choosing two colors and never wearing others. Then dresses are always remade to advantage and everything tones perfectly. Then, too, she who does this brings an individuality to her costuming, which is not at all a bad thing.



STREET SCENE IN PEKIN.

The Western Home Monthly to any address for one year for 50c.

Honesty is the Best Policy

Written for The Western Home
Monthly by C. B. McGregor.

CHAPTER I.



AITLAND School was situated in a town in Manitoba. It was a large brick school house with green lawns stretching away from either side and the town on the other.

The lawns were dotted with trees and here and there upon the grass lay a half dozen boys, on the day on which my story opens, talking lazily about a very important subject, namely, the school examinations which were to begin on the morrow. I have given my readers a brief description of the scenery about the school house so that they may have a clear idea as to the events which I am about to relate.

"Say, lads," suggested Harry Frankfort, the son of the chief merchant in the town, "let us all plead sick this afternoon and take a trip down the river in dad's new boat. She's a trim little craft with a main and jib sail. She's clipper cut and the way she can tear along in a light breeze is a caution, isn't it, Tom?" addressing another boy who yawned once or twice before he condescended to reply to his companion's query. When he did so it was only by a nod of the head and another yawn.

This was Tom Hofton, the son of K. Hofton, Banker. He was notoriously lazy and it was only when fun was brewing that Tom condescended to arouse himself. He was a smart boy when he wanted to be, which was very seldom. Harry Frankfort was the head of grade eight and whenever Tom chose to show himself he proved a very close second.

"Well, boys, why don't you answer my question" queried Harry. "Come, Tom," stirring that individual with the toe of his shoe, "rouse up and give us your opinion. To-morrow our exams start and this is the last chance we shall get."

Thus exhorted, Tom gave a yawn, stared into vacancy for a moment or two and then replied:

"Well, boys," said he, "I've been with you for over a year now and you all know me well enough, I suppose. I am always ready for fun when it can be obtained free and enjoy it as much as any of you, but I have never yet played truant and why should I now? To-morrow our exams start and you all know that Mr. Lampton has reserved this afternoon for review of the subjects. Now I don't think I have told any of you, but pa says that unless I pass this examination with all honors he will take me out of school and I am resolved to do my best. I am very sorry, but I for one cannot go for the reasons I have named."

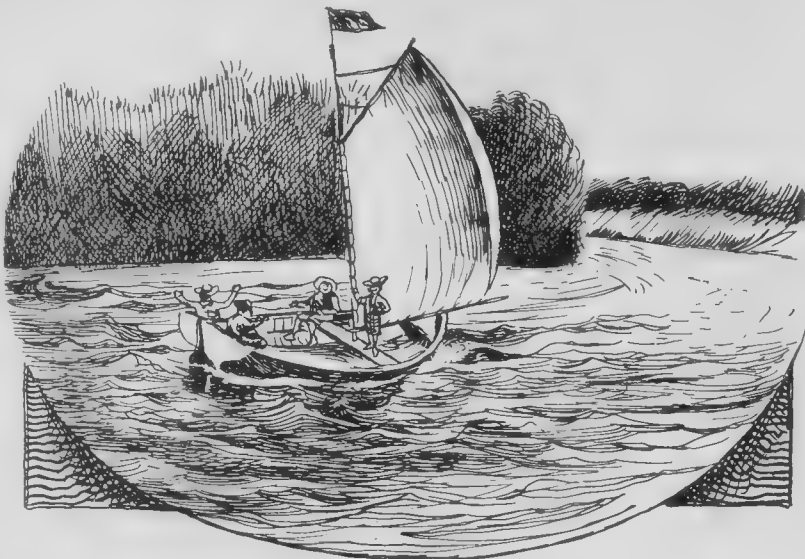
"Not turning saint, Tom, are you?" inquired Harry, with a slight sneer.

"Saint be blowed, and you too," replied Tom, in a huff. "I'll not go on your old trip, and that's the end of it," and Tom arose and walked towards the school house, followed by the laughter of his comrades.

"Softy," muttered Harry, gazing after Tom's retreating form, taking good care, however, that Tom was well out of hearing before he uttered the word. "Come, boys, let's go without him," exclaimed Harry, after a moment's thought, and this suggestion was unanimously accepted as the boys were "tired of lessons and needed a little recreation," as they told themselves to ease the grumblings of the "small voice."

Each departed for his home and after a substantial meal felt more enthusiastic than ever over the proposed expedition. Lunches were packed and other preparations made, according to the needs of the youthful excursionists.

By two o'clock everything was ready and after a last look of relief at the schoolhouse and a last thought of the almost deserted room occupied by grade eight, the party embarked and went sailing swiftly down the cool, inviting river.



"WENT SAILING DOWN THE COOL INVITING RIVER."

CHAPTER II.

Tom went home to dinner, took his books and went resolutely to work till school time. Then he went to school and again set to work. He noticed how bright the day was outside and almost wished he had gone with the boys. But he repressed his feelings and as Mr. Lampton was able to give him his full time, owing to absence of the other scholars, he got over his work quickly and was surprised at his success.

Harry and his companions set off in high spirits, intending to spend the afternoon at an island about two miles down the river. After a long sail they

reached it, moored the boat and were soon enjoying themselves to their heart's content. After trying innumerable ways of amusement someone proposed bathing and with a shout and a laugh they were soon in the water splashing, shouting and paddling with true school boy vigor. So engrossed were they in their sport that they did not notice the dark clouds creeping up over the heavens and suddenly Harry was startled by a few large drops of rain falling on him. In five minutes all was confusion. Clothes were hastily donned and by the time they had set out they were soaked to the skin. However, they started off

suddenly dark. Even as he looked a streak of forked lightning shot over the heavens and he heard the low grumble of distant thunder. A storm was coming and well Tom knew the fury of these Equinoctial thunder storms. What if the boys would be caught in it upon the rocky part of the river.

Mr. Lampton, who had been leaning over the desk looking at Tom's work, was surprised to see Tom spring to his feet with flashing eyes and firmly compressed lips.

"Mr. Lampton," said Tom, "we must save the boys. They went on an expedition to Rock Island."

Mr. Lampton understood. Quickly donning coats the two went down to the river, found a boat and set off at the top of their speed.

Soon a black dot was discovered, bearing swiftly down upon them. Yes, it was the boys. Suddenly they saw the boat reel and fall and redoubling their efforts they reached the boys just in time as we have seen to rescue them from a horrible death.

Not a word was spoken during the return trip. The shore was reached and after mooring the boat the whole party went into the school house where all gazed at each other in silence. At length Harry held out his hand to Tom and there were tears in his eyes. "Tom, old boy," said he, "honesty after all is the best policy and I thank heaven for teaching it to me," and from this there was no appeal.

Years ago manufacturers of gas were puzzled to know how to dispose of the coal-tar left in the retorts. A more useless, nauseous substance was hardly known to exist. Chemistry came to the rescue, and to-day not less than thirty-six marketable articles are produced from this vile slime: solvents, oils, colors, flavors. You can eat a bit of delicious confectionery, happily unconscious that the exquisite taste which you enjoy so keenly comes from coal-tar; you buy at the druggist a tiny phial of what is labelled "Otto of Roses," little dreaming that the delicious perfume is wafted, not from the fields of Araby, but from the foul gas retort.

To keep the teeth clear from tartar, rinse the mouth each morning with tepid water into which a little toilet water has been dropped.



PRAIRIE FIRE NEAR DOMINION CITY, MAN.

Photo taken at night by Barrowclough.

A Tenderfoot — and How He Hardened.

Written for The Western Home Monthly.

Arthur Dana was not an extraordinary boy, but he had some common sense, which came into his head naturally, although he did not always act as he thought best, but made, as they say, some bad breaks now and again, simply for devilment, or, as he sometimes told himself, for experience.

He was born in Toronto, not of wealthy parents, but of well to do professional folk, and, after receiving a good education, and studying law for a year or two, he came suddenly to the decision to wander to fresh fields, and so he betook himself to British Columbia to see something of the West, and to make a fortune, if possible.

He had, when he stepped off the train at Vancouver, about two thousand dollars, which he wanted to invest.

He soon found out one or two friends who were greatly pleased to see him, and who made numerous enquiries about old acquaintances back East, and were generally very solicitous about his present welfare.

Well! He was a tenderfoot with money, and was a genial, willing to please, young man.

"There are some splendid chances here, Arthur," said Dick Follett. "This is altogether a young man's country and you only require a little pluck and energy."

The two were walking around Stanley Park, which was a spot they often frequented together.

Dick Follett was a young lawyer who had lived in the West about six years and knew circumstances both there, and in Toronto, pretty well.

"I wish I could strike a good thing!" mused Dana. "I'd like to make a little pile, say in mining, or something of that sort."

"And then go back to Toronto and marry your best girl," suggested his friend, as he looked knowingly into Arthur's face. He had inadvertently touched a very responsive chord and Dana smiled as it vibrated within him.

When the two men got back into the city they stepped into a saloon, and partook of a cocktail each, at Follett's expense.

"It will give you an appetite for dinner," said he to his young friend, "and an appetite for a proposal I'll have to make to you," he thought within himself.

"Come up to my office in the morning and I'll show you those photographs I was speaking to you about," he suggested, as they parted, and of course Arthur promised to do so.

True to this promise, the latter dropped in to see Follett, whom he found engaged.

However, that gentleman had time to come out of his room to speak with him, and mentioned that if he would be passing in about an hour he would be free, and he particularly wanted him to see the photographs, which he had ready to show him.

On Arthur's second visit to the lawyer's office he found the latter still engaged, but he invited Dana into his sanctum, saying he had a friend within to whom he wished to make him acquainted.

This friend was a middle aged, bald headed man, with pleasant plausible manners but rather rough exterior.

He was from Ontario, so the three had some places they could make common converse about.

Presently the bald headed man took a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and gave it to Dana, then another, which he handed to Follett, though the latter declined, so he bit the end off and commenced smoking it himself.

"I suppose you do not often get cigars in your camp?" said Follett to him. "No! I always smoke a pipe."

Arthur Dana wondered what the man was. His appearance was that of one who was probably engaged with his

hands out of doors, but his speech was gentle and educated.

"Have you any samples of the rock in your pocket?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes!" he answered, and produced what he had.

He took out his knife and scraped one of them, and licking it with his tongue he showed the colors in it, and explained its value in mining phraseology. This was out of Arthur's depth but he listened attentively, for he was anxious to learn.

"You say the mine is on Texada Island?" remarked Follett.

"Yes! Only a few miles from Van Anda."

"Have you had an assay made?"

"Yes! I got \$16 to the ton in gold."

He discussed the various other merits of his property, putting life and enthusiasm into his arguments as only a miner can do.

Presently he took his departure and Follett accompanied him to the door of the outer office, excusing himself to Arthur in a most matter-of-fact way.

On his return he took out the photographs which he had promised to show, and the bald headed miner was apparently forgotten. At least Arthur had forgotten him, though Follett had not. His active brain was still busy thinking hard.

After a while he said, as he looked acutely at Arthur, "I think Webster has a pretty good property there. It might be worth your while to look into it. He's a good practical man and know's what he's talking about."

"Is he a miner?" asked Dana.

"You bet he is, he was the man who found the ———"

Arthur had not heard of this mine, but he took it to be a big thing, chiefly out of compliment to his friend.

"As you have nothing to do these days it would be a nice thing for you to go up to Texada and see the property. It is a grand trip on the boat when the weather is fine." Then they turned their attention to the photographs; the wily young lawyer knew he could afford to allow his suggestion to take root and he would foster its growth.

Two days afterwards he dropped in casually at the hotel, where Arthur was staying and was not long before he left the friend he had come across, and joined Dana.

"Say, old man," he said, after they had got over the preliminaries, "will you take that trip to Texada this week? I would not mind going up with you myself. I fancy that property of Webster's is worth looking at, from what I can make out."

So it was that towards the end of that week the two were on board the steamer in company with Webster bound for Van Anda.

Arriving there they put up at the hotel overnight, and early next morning started for Webster's claim.

As they walked along, Webster frequently picked up pieces of quartz for examination, as became a mining man.

Finally they came to the property, which was a mere hole in the ground, with a dump of dirt, and another of quartz peculiar to this part of the country.

Webster pointed out the stakes and mentioned the probabilities of the vein. He spoke technically, using a lot of terms Arthur did not know the meaning of.

After the men got back to Vancouver Follett asked Arthur what he thought

of doing about the matter. "Don't throw him down if you can help it, as the property is a good one and if you don't care to buy it, somebody will doubtless be easily found who will."

Well! to cut a long story short, the young man did not throw him down, but instead, he bought the hole in the ground for one thousand dollars.

"You will make a fortune out of it," they told him.

It, however, came to pass that he had the claim on his hands four years afterwards, and it was about the only thing he had to show for his money which he brought to the country with him.

He had, however, a different view of things, and had more grit and more pluck to say No, when necessary.

His vision of making money out of mining, and marrying in wealth the girl he had left behind in Toronto, was gone.

He wrote to her and told her he had lost his small fortune, and guessed he would take his coat off and get down to work.

She, like a true hearted girl, replied that she admired his pluck, and assured him of her constancy always.

He kept her letter in his inside pocket and took it out to read at spare moments. It made him feel better and the thought of her was a constant support and impetus to him.

He was returning from his work one evening when he met Follett, who, since he had been without money, had changed towards him.

His salutation, however, was this time particularly plausible.

"Hello! Old man!" he said, I have not seen you lately."

"No! I'm pretty busy these days," replied Arthur.

"How's the mine?"

"I still have it."

"What will you sell it for?"

"Oh, I don't know, I have not thought of it, for some time."

"I think I can get you a customer if you want to sell."

"How much will he give?"

"Well, I can't say exactly. How would a hundred dollars hit you?"

But Follett had a different fellow to deal with from what he had when he inveigled Arthur into buying. Now the latter was a man, while then he was only a "green" boy, and he was not afraid now to throw down what he did not consider feasible.



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"HE BOUGHT THE HOLE IN THE GROUND."

"I would not think of taking only that amount for it, if I never am able to make a cent out of the property," he said.

A day or two afterwards Follett called upon the young man, whilst he was at work, and pressed him to reconsider the proposition.

"No. I gave you my decision the other night, Follett, and I have not changed."

Next day the papers came out with

an article on the recent find on Texada Island.

There was quite a rush to the place, it seemed, and the value of properties in the neighborhood had considerably appreciated.

One of the properties was Dana's hole in the ground, and on reading the paper, and remembering Follett's visit, of the day before, his spirits rose a little when he saw the report.

They rose very much higher, however, when a few weeks afterwards he sold the property for five thousand dollars.

It put him on his feet, and certainly he had not had his previous lesson for nothing. He made no more breaks, but he stuck to his work and finally became the manager of a huge engineering firm.

In the meantime he had married, and he and his wife had each a letter which could always be relied upon to restore them to the normal if any jars troubled the surface of their married life.

The quick turn of events had been somewhat of a surprise to Follett, and he was not a little chagrined. It was one of those strokes of fortune which emphasized the law of compensation.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE BEATEN AGAIN.

Mary Malcolm's Life was Measured by Days and Hours.

Dodd's Kidney Pills had Her Able to be Out in a Week.

Another Remarkable Cure Brought out by the Collingwood and Eglington Cases.

TORONTO, Feb. 2.—(Special).—The interest in medical circles here over the cures of Mrs. Adams, of Collingwood, and Mrs. Philip, of Eglington, of Bright's Disease, has been given fresh fuel by another and yet more startling cure of that same terrible ailment. This latest case is that of a young girl, Mary Malcolm, who lives with her parents at 199 Marlborough Avenue, this city.

Death Seemed Sure.

This cure is little short of miraculous. Miss Malcolm was in the clutches of Bright's Disease from May until September, and had sunk so low that her life was measured by days if not by hours. Hope had given place to a certainty of death, and her friends had turned to the sad task of preparing her grave clothes. These last ghastly garments are now in the house, but Mary Malcolm is a strong hearty maiden who can look on them without even a shudder of fear. Dodd's Kidney Pills effected the change. Here is the story as told by the girl's mother, Mrs. W. Malcolm:

"My daughter, Mary, who is now fourteen years old, was taken suddenly ill with Bright's Disease in May, 1902. We had the doctor and continued with him till September, 1902, when he said he could do nothing more for her. She was so swollen with Dropsy as to be almost unrecognizable.

Cure Was Quick.

"From a book dropped in at the door, we learned of Dodd's Kidney Pills and as a last resort determined to try them. They gave her relief from the very beginning, so much so that in one week we were able to take her out to Munro Park for an afternoon.

"After taking four boxes, she was entirely cured and she has never had the slightest relapse. We can never say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills, as they certainly saved my daughter's life."

And Mary, the daughter on whom Bright's Disease had pronounced the sentence of death, now a picture of healthy girlhood, smiled a cheerful assent to her mother's statement and chimed in, "If I am ever sick again I will take nothing but Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is hardly necessary to add that proof piled on proof has convinced the public that Bright's Disease is curable and that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the cure; that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys the one unfailing remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills.



Grey in an Hour.

Jawson, who is an inveterate yarn-spinner and a bore of the first magnitude, had been retailing to his friend some harrowing story of a woman whose hair had turned grey in a single night.

"Fact, I assure you; I knew the party."

"If you say you knew the lady in question I can quite believe your story to be true," commented the friend, in a tone which made the story-teller feel rather uncomfortable.

"Of course I knew her," was the testy answer; "and it's not such an uncommon occurrence as you seem to imagine. I knew a man also—"

"And his hair turned grey, too?" interrupted the victim. "Well, I don't wonder at it."

This made Jawson a little sulky, but he speedily became interested when his friend remarked:

"Your stories remind me of a lady I used to know, but she became grey in a single hour—in less than an hour, in fact."

"Some terrible shock, I suppose?" remarked Jawson.

"I dare say it would be," continued the friend; "at any rate, it happened while she was getting married."

"Oh, I understand," said Jawson, sagely; "the man would have another wife alive; it would all be discovered at the eleventh hour; a terrible scene would ensue, and all that sort of thing."

"You're not within a mile of it, Jawson," was the unfeeling answer. "This lady I refer to married a fellow named Grey, and she, of course, became Grey as soon as the knot was tied."



Her Proposal Turned Down.

There is a small town in the States that boasts a female preacher, and the lady's duties are many, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. One day she may visit the sick, another attend a funeral, and the next baptize a baby. One afternoon she was preparing a sermon for the following Sunday, when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. Answering the summons she found a bashful German standing on the step and twirling his straw hat in his hands.

"Good afternoon," the preacheress remarked. "What do you wish?"

"Dey say der minister lifted in dis hous, hey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yess? Vell I vant to me kit marriert."

"All right; I can marry you," she said.

The lady's hair is beginning to silver, and the German glanced at it. Then he jammed his hat on his head and hurried down the walk. "What's the matter?" she cried after him.

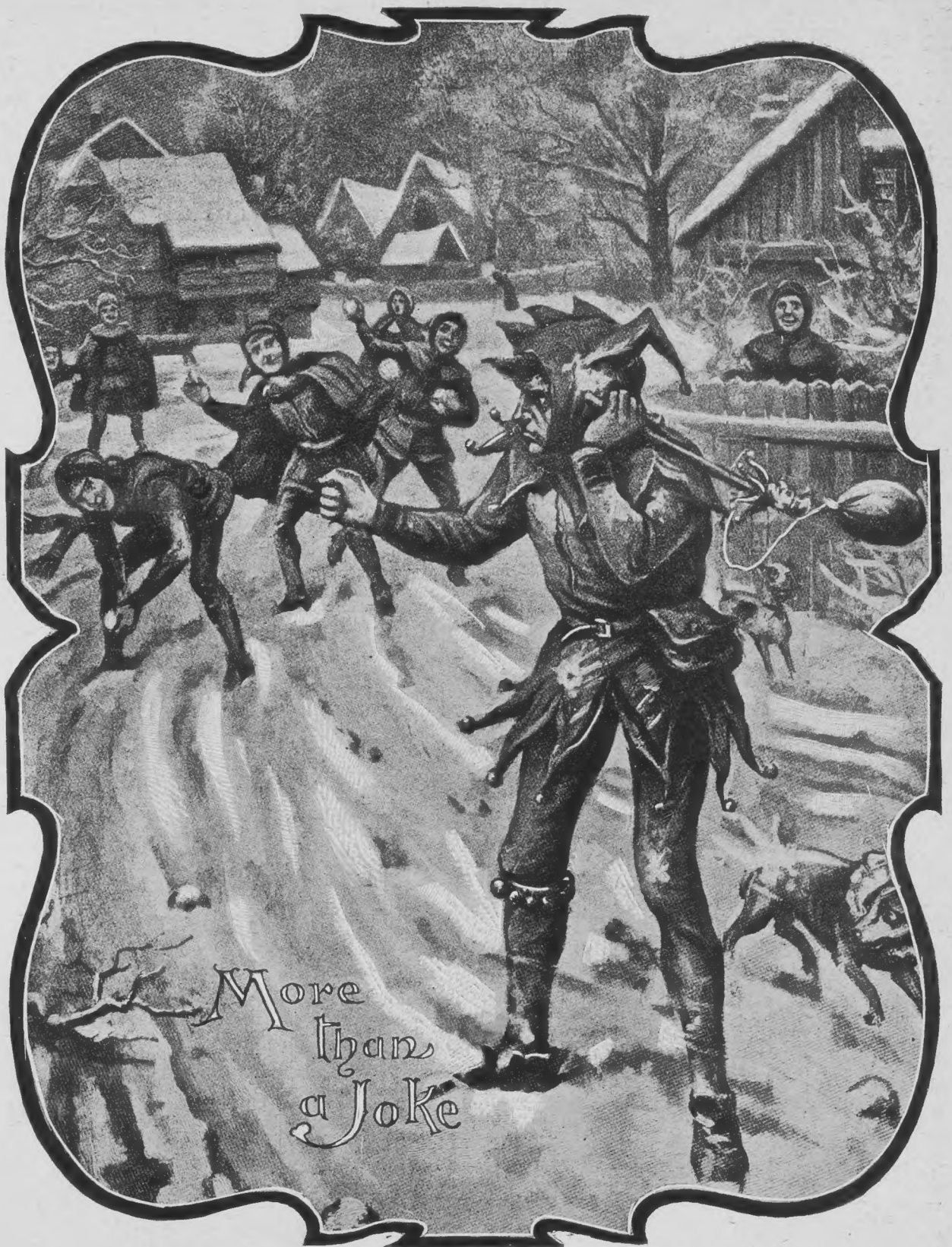
"You gits no chance mit me," he called back. "I don't vant you; I haf got me a girl already!"



In an English Sunday-school the lady teacher was impressing upon her pupils the necessity of being entirely devoted to God. "It won't do, my dear boys," she said, "to be half-hearted in this service. There is a crown of glory laid up for every one who is good all the time; but do you suppose there is anything for a boy who is good only half the time?" There was a pause for a moment, and then a big, shock-headed boy drawled out: "It do zeem to me, missus, that theem as is good 'arf the time ought to get 'arf the crown."



"Long life to your honor," said an Irish beggar-woman, on receiving a coin, "and may you never see your wife a widow!"



The sports of a young ladies' college were in full progress. The champion of the school made a record high jump of four feet three inches. She was disqualified, however, on the ground of unfairness, for it turned out that just when she was about to jump a friend by way of encouraging her had called out "Mouse!"



Lover—"You are getting prettier every day."

Sweet Girl—"Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion."

"How long can you keep that up?"

"Oh, indefinitely."

"Then let's get married."



Tommy—"Mary, you told me last week you liked me better'n you did any other boy and now you're lettin' Dick Trotter make up to you!" Mary—"I did like you best last week, but I've changed my mind. Does your papa keep a sweetie shop?" Tommy—"No." Mary—"Well, Dick's papa does!"



Alice—"It's quite a secret, but I was married last week to Dick Gay!"

Jane—"Indeed! I should have thought you'd be the last person in the world to marry him."

Alice—"Well, I hope I am!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth; "the family are most interesting. John dances divinely, Tom sings like an angel, David is a famous footballer, Susanne paints with great taste."

"And Henry?"

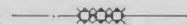
"Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."



Jones found Smith engaged in vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for?" he asked. "I always thought you wore patent leather?" "These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position; "but the patent on them has expired."



Irate Father—"Ah! how is it I catch you kissing my daughter, sir? Answer me, sir; how is it?" Young Man—"Fine, sir, fine!"—Philadelphia Ledger.



A Few Things to Know.

A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not leave a blister.

A small bunch of absorbent cotton makes a splendid powder puff for baby's morning bath.

Shelf papers should be frequently changed and the shelves washed with hot water and soda.

The wick of a lamp, if frayed out to about an inch at the end which is immersed, will give a much brighter and stronger flame.

If a double layer of brown paper has been put under oilcloth on shelves or tables it will wear three times as long as if laid directly on the wood.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt or dissolved gum arabic. A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

Marks on the kitchen wall, which have been made by scratching matches, will disappear if rubbed with the cut surface of a lemon, then with a cloth dipped in whiting. Wash the surface with warm water and soap, and quickly wipe with a clean cloth wrung out in clear water.

A pair of woman's shoes made in Lynn, Mass., to establish a record for rapid shoemaking, required fifty-seven operators and the use of forty-two machines and one hundred pieces. All these parts were assembled and made into a graceful pair of shoes, ready to wear, in thirteen minutes.

Seasonable

A pretty fashion that is becoming to most figures is a yoke of lace at the top of the skirt. Here is a design that is something wholly new and a handsome pattern, within the reach of all the ladies. An opportunity is



given for work of taste along various lines. Close stitches, like the net of some of the Venetian stitches, are used for the bow-knots; the long scrolls have some of the insertion stitches like the cluster, the wheel and the Russian knot. A firm braid should be selected.

A Boy's Essay on Jacob.

The man Jacob was by trade a patriarch. But he didn't bring up his sons to be patriarchs, coz they didn't take to it except Joseph. He had 12 sons, and behold there was a famine in the land. In them days people lived on corn like horses do now, not on vittles and tea. And behold there was a famine in the land. Never steal corn, for it is a sin; but you can go gleanin', and you often get a lot that way. Benjimin was the littlest son, but the loving patriarch al-lus gave him the biggest mess of corn, never mind how little he was. Joseph



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could eat a big mess, too; but Rewbin and Juder, who was the oldest, couldn't eat as much as yer might think. The patriarch Jacob never eat scarcely nothin' except when there was a famine in the land. Joseph was very fond of dreaming. The big brothers would al-lus wake him up when they heard him

a-dreaming, coz they knew he was a-dreaming all sorts of nasty things about them.

It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on the level.

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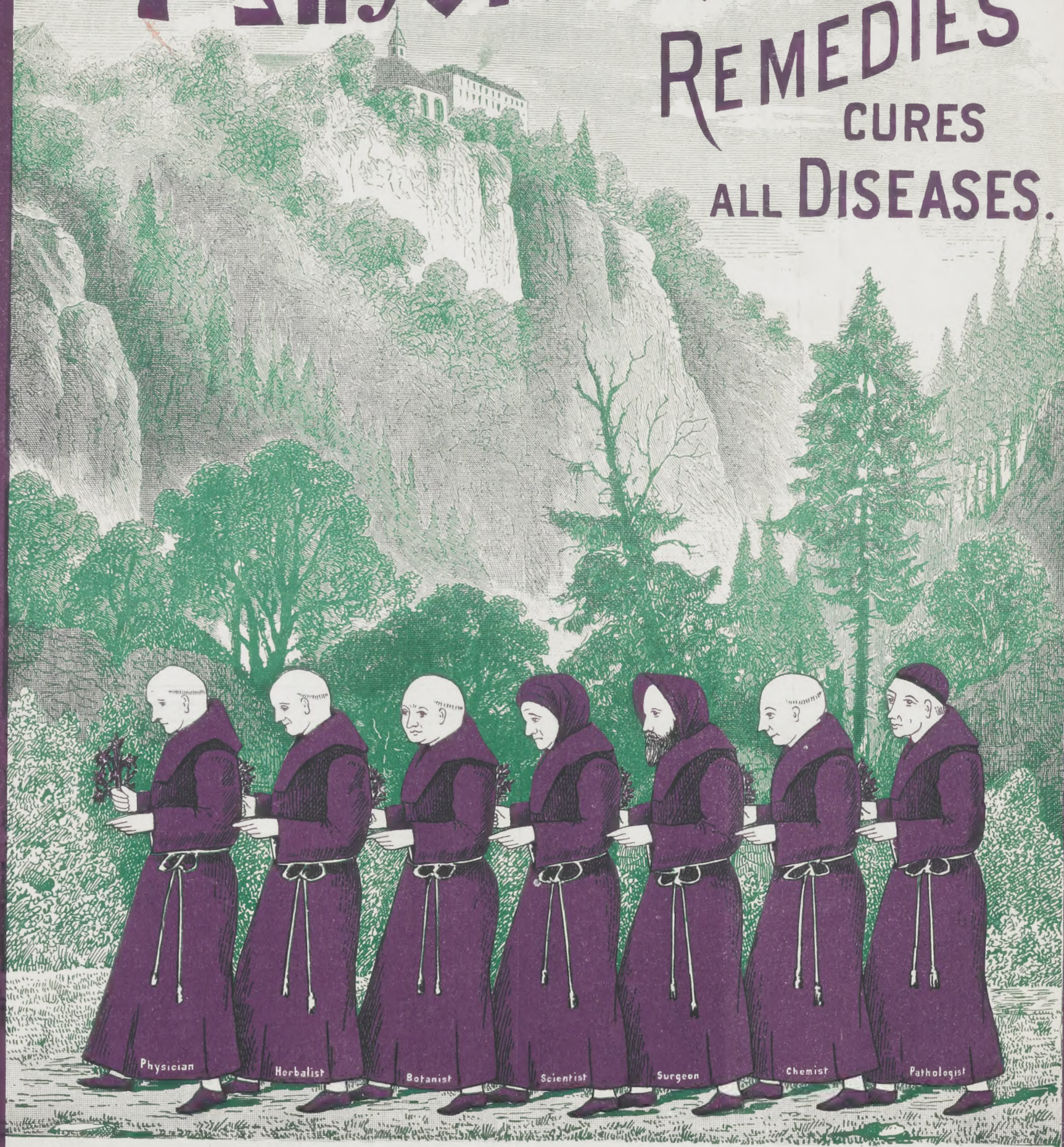
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